

Lawrence, Bessie  
The aurora in Spain

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# THE AURORA IN SPAIN

BY

BESSIE LAWRENCE.

"Watchman, what (part) of the night?  
Watchman, what (part) of the night?  
The watchman said:  
The morning cometh, and also the night."

ISAIAH, xxi, 12.



BARCELONA

1880.

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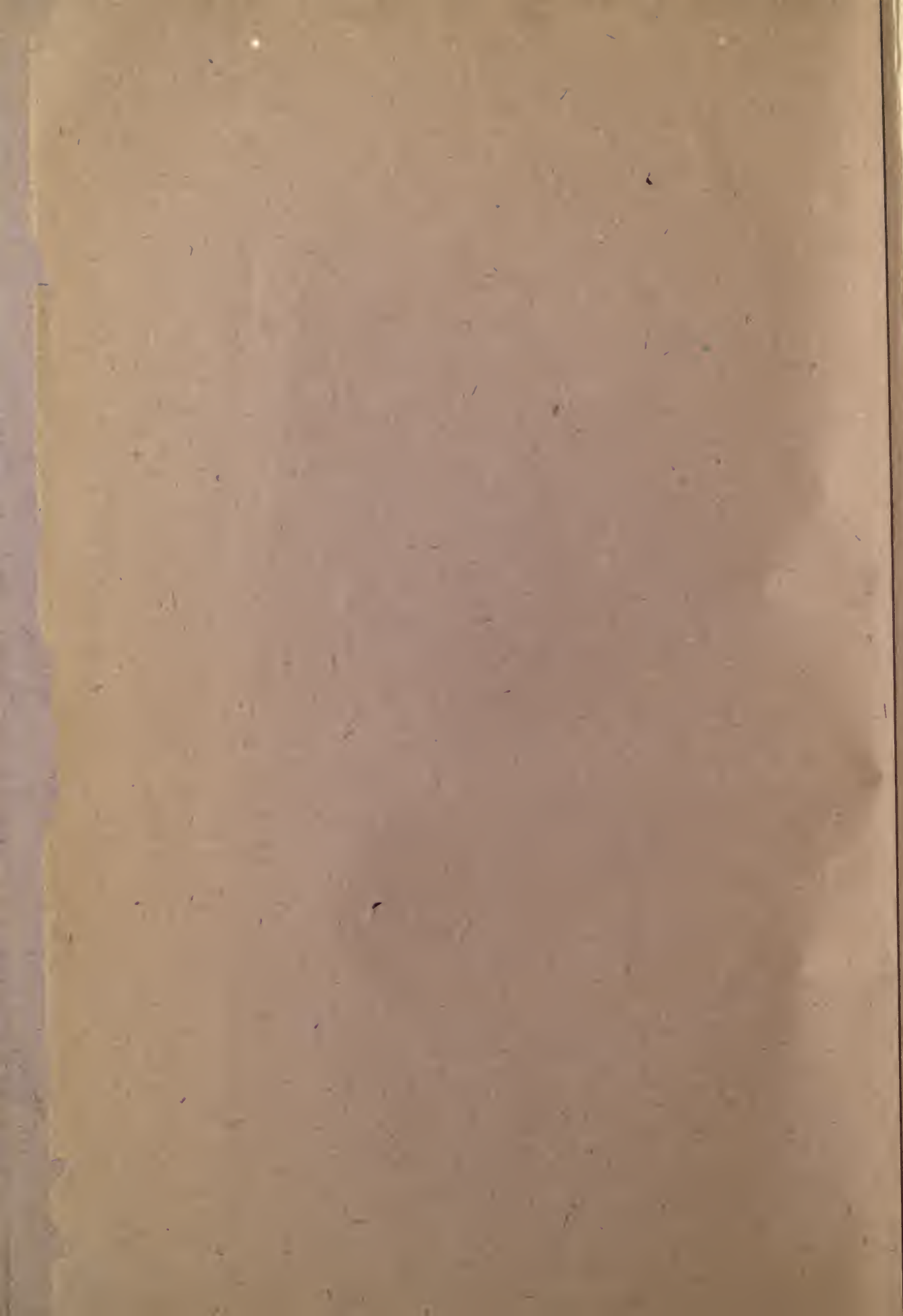
Mrs H. L. Hastings from  
the writer.

With Christian regards, &  
grateful acknowledgement  
for regular receipt of  
"The Christian."

Torreute Flores 170

Gracia - Barcelona

October 26<sup>th</sup> 1880





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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





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THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.



THE  
AURORA IN SPAIN:

*DAWNINGS OF GOSPEL LIGHT*

*IN THE PAST AND PRESENT HISTORY OF THAT COUNTRY.*

*ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS,*

*BEING*

*A CONTINUATION OF*

*"THE GOSPEL IN SPAIN," AND "RECENT GOSPEL LABOURS IN SPAIN," BY G. L.*

*BY*

*Bessie Lawrence.*

1880.

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"Watchman, what (part) of the night?  
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ISAIAH, XXI, 12.

The letters accompanying this little sketch of Evangelical labours in Spain, were sent to friends who desired information about the work of the Gospel in this country among the young; and as my work has been chiefly confined to those about my own age, I have thought it would be interesting to print these letters, and at the same time to present to my young friends in England a bird's-eye view of historical facts connecting Spain with our own dear Isle, which may make them better understand the difficulties our work has to encounter, as also make us all thankful for the triumph of truth and righteousness accomplished in England and Spain through the circulation and teaching of the doctrines of the Holy Bible. While the former country has enjoyed the liberty to read, preach and circulate the Scriptures, the latter has had, and continues to have, the Lamp of Light denied. The noble army of martyrs of Mary's time, the slaughter of Protestants in France, in the Low Countries, in Germany, cannot compare to the long and continued sufferings of the Protestants in Spain, who up to this moment are the victims of religious intolerance, as will be seen by letters referring to the journeyings of faithful evangelists, as also in other departments of missionary work.

I would first refer to facts and times since the Reformation. You are well acquainted with portraits of the Reformers; but you may not have seen so much of their combatants; I therefore present on the first page *el retrato* or likeness of one

of the most famous opponents the Gospel had at that time of the mighty fight between darkness and light, civil and religious rights, Rome and The Book—

## THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Charles I. of Spain and V. of Germany, was the son of *Felipe el Hermoso* (or the beautiful) and *Juana la Loca* (or the fool).—singular mixture of names and natures, but without doubt possessing a true forecast of the mixed character of this father of a generation whose teeth are sharper than their swords, and more bitter than death their hatred to the cause of the King of kings and to the cause of human commonwealth. In the Edict of Worms he said: "*I will give my kingdoms, my power, my treasures, my body, my soul and my life, to stop the impiety of Luther.*" In his last moments he charged his son Philip II., the husband of English Queen Mary:—"*I commend my son in quality as father, and in the right of obedience due to me as such, that he labour and care that the heretics be persecuted and punished with all the severity their crime demands, without heeding the supplications, the rank or condition of the guilty.*" With this object I invite you to protect in all parts the Holy Inquisition, and in this manner will you be a worthy subject of our Lord, and secure the prosperity of the kingdom."—Dangerous idea! *Unidad Religiosa*: "Religious Unity"—whether used as *instrumentum regni*, or put up by some little sect whose only idea of religious unity is an oak growing in a flowerpot, and who call a shrimp-hole an ocean. The man who would have dominion over our faith, is as dangerous an enemy to society as *La Santa Monarquía* with all its traditions and forces. (See 2 Thes. ii, 4; 2 John, 9.) In the history of his son Philip we see how faithfully he carried out his father's last will and testament, and in succeeding pictures we shall see how, in face and figure, this dreadful policy still opposes the good of souls and a nation's prosperity.

Charles V. converted this once great and enterprising nation into one of superstition and fanaticism. The people aided the Holy ? Council in its work, the king himself carried fagots to light the death-fires of the heretics: pillage and plunder preceded the expulsion of the Moors and Jews from the land. Charles V. added nothing to Spanish fame, but, on the contrary, only marred its glory and furthered its decline. He was the first king of foreign dynasty. Before he came to the throne all was bright and hopeful. Columbus had discovered another world; Alonso the Wise drew up the first code of laws of his time; Aragon opened the doors of the East by a successful expedition to Greece; Alphonso V. reduced Naples, and Ferdinand of Cordova subjugated Italy. Charles V. could not sustain the ancient power of the nation; after having filled the old and new worlds with his fame, he withdrew from all intercourse with other nations, when he retired to the solitude of a monastery. Afterwards, the unfortunate wars with Flanders, and the fate of the Invincible Armada, were such blows to the world-wide influence of Spain, that even the "glorious victories" of St. Quintin and Pavia were not sufficient to revive it again.

The Pope Leon X. will serve to bring before us the decay of Spain and the general corruption of the Romish Church during the reign of Charles V. The conduct of the bishops and clergy was most careless and immoral. It is said of Pope Leon, that he often annoyed his teacher of etiquette by going out without his *roquete* (an official garment worn by bishops), and sometimes with a bottle of wine. He used to spend whole days in the chase; he acknowledged the dedication of the *Journeys of Rutilius Numatianus*, a book furious against Roman Catholicism), and Erasmus' *Notes on the New Testament*, which books were afterwards





POPE LEON X.





condemned by the Inquisition. Bembo, (one of the apostolical chancellors) writing about Leon X., says that "he was raised to the Popedom through the benevolence of the immortal gods."

When Julian de Médicis took his wife to Rome, the Cardinal Biviena expressed his gratification in the following words:—"God be praised: nothing was wanting to perfect the *cross* of Rome but a court of ladies, and now this princess will have one."

This is but a small example of the ecclesiastical proceedings in the time of Leon X. This Pope was a great spendthrift; the expenses at his coronation amounted to 10,000 sequins; to meet these, he was obliged to dispose of the treasures of Julius II. and to pledge the jewels of St. Peter's. It was a common saying that "he came to the throne as artfully as a fox, that he ruled like a lion and died like a dog." Pope Leon induced Francis I. to declare war against the Turks. It is at this period that the grossest paganism was introduced into the court of Italy. They spoke of the immortal gods, of the goddess Lauretana, and the name of "College of Augurs" was given to that of the Cardinals.

At this time Martin Luther began his ecclesiastical course in a convent of Augustin monks in Erfurt, where he preached *salvation by faith in the mercy of God and not by man's own merits*. From thence Luther began to work in earnest. At Wittenberg, followed by the students and populace, he threw into the fire Leon X.'s bull of excommunication, and other decrees of the Popes.

In the meantime Charles I. of Spain was crowned Emperor of Germany at Aix-la-chapelle. He rejected the excitations of Hutten and Sickingen and other defenders of the national independence, and had already decided, in order to gratify his ambition and bigotry, that *one* religion, and *one* only, should prevail throughout his realm. He cited Luther to appear before the Diet at Worms under the charge of an imperial safe-guard; but there, Luther became more than ever confirmed in his opinions. Nevertheless Charles allowed him to leave Worms in peace, and released him from the custody of the body-guard, which should have lasted twenty-one days. When speaking with reference to this to the Bishop of Sandoval, in Yuste, Charles said,—"I did wrong in not killing Luther. I spared him so that I might not break my promise. In this I know I have erred, because heresy is sin against a greater Lord than myself, even God; therefore I ought not to have kept my word, but to have avenged the injury done to God."

The Austrian kings of Spain have always been more Papal and intolerant than the court of Rome itself. This we see in the incident represented by our engraving, of the troops sent by Charles under the Constable of Bourbon, to sack the "eternal city." In this we have another proof of the effect and fruit of "Catholic Unity"—Charles V. putting his hand upon Lutherans of Germany and old Catholics of Spain, to chastise his own spiritual father, "his holiness" the Pope Clement VII. The Constable of Bourbon was a Frenchman, born in 1503. He was about twenty-five years of age when he was killed in this siege. Before he died he made his son Filibert and his troops swear, that on the completion of their work, they would recognize the Prince of Orange as their chief. An eye-witness describing the siege, says:—"At the cry of—'Blood and fire! Bourbon! Bourbon!' the city was taken by the troops of Charles V. The Germans sacked the shops, houses and palaces, entered into the Vatican to drink the *wine of the Pope*, and in the immense halls they formed a council, dressed themselves in the Cardinals' robes, deposed Clement, and proclaimed Luther Pope. The implacable Catholic Spaniards shewed themselves equally cruel as the German Lutherans. They spared neither temple nor monastery; the ornaments and sacred vessels were robbed; the heads of the

images of the apostles rolled about the streets, and the sacred wafers, anointing oils, the "true cross of Christ" and his crown of thorns thrown into a ditch."

In the beginning of the reign of Charles I., the population of Spain is supposed to have been over 21,000,000; but when pious Philip III. had perfected the ideal of his predecessors—"Catholic Unity," the population had descended to under nine millions. Such is the result of Catholic Unity. This true and only cause of Spain's decadency is well delineated in a recent book by a modern popular writer.\* I translate some of his words:—

"The fanaticism and policy of the so-called "Catholic Kings" produced the Inquisition, the extermination and expulsion of millions of Jews, Moors and Protestants, labourers and artizans, merchants and tradesmen, who bore their fruitful industry and arts to other countries; and these were replaced by legions of priests and friars of every grade and colour.

"No country in Christendom arrived to be so perfectly Catholic as Spain.

"At the end of the seventeenth century there was not a single coach-road in Catholic Spain, but what was a high-road to Rome, and from Rome to Paradise.

"During the two centuries of the reign of Austrian kings in Spain, no bridge was built, no new road-way made, no public work of utility or note begun; but on the other hand, many thousands of majestic temples, magnificent convents and sanctuaries were built, no mount left without its hermitage, no little street without its saint, nor cross-way without its shrine.... We do not know that the Church of Rome has ever canonized a single genius who dedicated his life to better the condition of mankind. The Church raised altars to the propagators and martyrs of its doctrine; to the begging parasites who made the vow to beg a profession; to princes who made her great by shedding torrents of human blood; to exterminators of heretics and infidel Turks..... The Catholic Spaniards of the XVI. and XVII. centuries satisfied their conscience abandoning fields, workshop and family, in order to raise and sustain 11,000 convents, in which sought to merit life eternal nearly 100,000 friars and monks, and more than 38,000 nuns. Their profound faith demanded the spiritual assistance of 168,000 priests, without counting the innumerable legions of familiars, officers, jailors, solicitors, notaries, church-clerks, stewards, acolytes, choir-boys, lay-brothers and lay-sisters."

"As a natural consequence of the profound faith of the Spaniards of that time, the corporations, orders, confraternities and Catholic brotherhoods possessed thousands of houses, beside their own lordly dwellings.... Outside the pale of the Church there was not only no salvation, but no way of gaining bread.

"Great and small had to submit to the Church. The great Quevedo only dared to write,—"*Con la Inquisicion..... chiton!*" That is to say, "About the Inquisition.... silence!"—the truth cannot be spoken. The immortal Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*, in his last days had to accept the habit and order of St. Francis. Lope de Vega was a priest and familiar of the Inquisition. Calderon and others of the illustrious Spanish writers sooner or later had to seek asylum in the Church.

"In the time of Charles II. an intelligent man proposed the construction of a canal that might unite the Manzanares with the Tagus, and the King consulted

\*—**FERNANDO GARRIDO**, *La Restauracion Teocrática*, Barcelona, 1879.

\*\* According to a census made by Philip II. in 1580, there were in Spain and its colonies 58 archbishops, 648 bishops, 11,400 abbeys, 936 ecclesiastical chapters, 127,000 parishes, 46,000 convents, 13,000 nunneries, 23,000 brotherhoods and confraternities, 312,000 secular clergy, 200,000 deacons and sub-deacons, and 400,000 regular clergy. Thus the ecclesiastical body, the friars and nuns, the con-friars, the image-makers, the clerks and other persons, servants of the Church and convents, passed 1,500,000, or one individual for 45 of the population, and at the enormous annual cost to the nation of 1,600 millions of reals, or 16 millions of pounds sterling, being the fourth part of the national wealth.





SIEGE OF ROME.



TOP OF MOUNT



not engineers—unknown profession in those happy times—but the theologians, who returned this answer,—‘If God had wished that these two rivers might be navigable, it would not have been needful that men should take the trouble to do so, because with only a *flat* that might have come forth from his mouth, the work would have been done. As God has not pronounced it, it is because He did not believe it convenient; and it would be a crime against the designs of Providence, to wish to better that which He left unperfect, through causes which wisdom reserves.’

“The poet Torres, who was professor in the University of Salamanca in the beginning of the past century, said, in reference to the supine ignorance which reigned in that school, which in other times had been the mother of wisdom,—‘In its halls I found no trace of a globe or map. Some of the disciples believed that mathematics were nothing less than a net of lies’..... The Father Albarado, professor of the college of St. Thomas in Seville, published the thesis, ‘We would rather err with St. Clement, St. Basil and St. Augustin, than agree with Descartes and Newton.’

In the time of Philip IV., the medical men of Madrid replied to a commission for cleansing the streets, that the dirt should be left to accumulate, because the air was so very subtle in that city, that it would cause great sicknesses if the vapours of filth were hindered from mixing with the air. Philip II. in 1558 gave order to dismount every printing press ‘except those which sweat out mass-books, breviaries, devotional books, church and convent-music, *Flos Sanctorum*, etc.; and threatened death and confiscation of goods, not only to those who dared to print any other kind of book, but also to any who communicated by manuscript.’

“In 1610 Philip III. prohibited authors to print their writings outside the kingdom. Philip IV., in 1627, prohibited all discussion upon political and government matters. The famous University of Cervera pronounced to Ferdinand VII., in 1827, the celebrated proverbial phrase:—“*Lejos de nosotros la peligrosa novedad de discurrir!*” “Far from us the new and dangerous idea of discussion!”

“Philip II. continued with greater fury than ever this intolerant course, and Philip III. realized in his time the most perfect ideal that any nation ever saw—the “Catholic Unity.” Jimenez in his *Life of Rivera* says:—“The greatest honour, therefore, we can have in this kingdom, is that we are all faithful to God and the king, without the company of heretics and traitors.” Dávila in his *Life of Philip III.* says:—“At last the kingdom is free from the infamy of the Moors;” and: “It is worthy to mention the zeal, the kings of Spain always shewed to sustain the Catholic faith: for in the different expulsions which have taken place, they have rid us of *three millions of Moors and two millions of Jews.*”

Added to the foregoing causes of Spain’s decacy, special attention must be called to

## SUPERSTITIONS AND TRADITIONS.

One of the principal and great causes has been *Virgin-worship*, as may be seen by the splendid monuments and sanctuaries erected to her memory, and which have and still give such immense profit to image-makers and church-builders, thus shutting out “the true light” and worship of “the Sanctuary which the Lord pitched, and not man.”

There exists a great international competition between the Virgin of Montserrat and that of Lourdes; but the *national* competition has been and continues to be between the Virgin of Montserrat and *Nuestra Señora del Pilar* of Saragossa. How-

ever, the palm of popular devotion must be given to *Nuestra Señora de Montserrat*, or "Our Lady of the Saw-Mountain," so called from its form. Tradition tells us that when the sides of this mountain were dashed to pieces, as nature's protest against the horrible deicide and sacrilege committed against the Creator at the crucifixion, the dry, stony, and up to that time barren mountain, gave birth to a number of streams of springing water, fertilizing its ravines and slopes, imparting to them the luxury and beauty of vegetable life, and covering the summits and skirts, which are bathed by the waters and vapours of the river Llobregat, with trees, bushes and aromatic plants. This mountain is the pedestal of the Holy Virgin; and the Llobregat, which flows at its foot, carries to Barcelona and the Mediterranean Sea the echo of the cordial devotion of the surrounding villages—

"Oh Catalans, come; to Montserrat come!  
On the Virgin your praises bestow;  
Your *salve* quickly and willingly bring,  
For glory and love to all she will show."

"Look on us now, our Lady, with favour;  
Though you're black, we will bring thee our all; \*  
With this song of the flowers of May we regale thee,  
And in devout hymns all thy glories recall."

(Translation of Popular Hymn. B. L.)

The appearing of the image of the Virgin in one of the caverns of these craggy mountains is dated, according to common opinion, at the end of the ninth century (880), and it is worthy of notice that at that time, when persecution in the East was strong against sacred images, and in Andalusia relics and sacred images were being burnt by the barbarous Abd-ur-rahman, the murderer of St. Eulogus and many other saints who lived among the Moors, there were notwithstanding many apparitions, such as the Virgin of Roncesvalles in Navarre, the Virgin of Usua in Uxue near Aragon, and the Virgin of Montserrat in Catalonia, and the worship of Mary was magnificently increasing in Oviedo, Leon, Heirache, Leire, Vich, Gerona, Ripoll and other parts of Catalonia, both in churches and monasteries.

Then from the ninth to the thirteenth century, the Virgin often appeared to the shepherds, filling the mountains, valleys, caves, fountains, woods and cascades with images of herself, during a period of five hundred years. This happened all over Spain, from the Pyrenees to the Sierra Morena, and so frequently and generally, that we may call this period of the worship of Mary, "the cycle of the shepherds." In almost all these cases, tradition tells us of celestial lights, and of the endeavours of the clergy to remove the image to a better spot, and also of its unwillingness to be taken from the place where it first appeared.

Thus it happened in Montserrat. The bishop of Urgel is told by some shepherds of an ancient image, which they had discovered in a gloomy and out-of-the-way cave in the mountain of Montserrat. Guided by the brightness that shone above it, and other supernatural lights, which every Saturday appeared to come down from the sky in the shape of torches upon the tops of the surrounding hills, the prelate with the parish priest of Olesa, other priests, and people from the neighbourhood of that place, came to worship this miraculously discovered image, and they agreed to remove it to some more suitable spot. The devotees wished to worship it in the ancient city of Egara, or Manresa, which had been at one time

\* The fact of this image of Virgin and Child being *black*, clearly identifies it with the ancient worship of Nimrod, who was a negro, and the founder of mystic Babylon with its idolatrous worship. (See A. HUSLOR, *The Two Babylons*, p. 70.)



MONTSERRAT.







a cathedral; but the Virgin wished rather to consecrate with her presence the great mountain which serves as her pedestal, as the light-house of Barcelona, the security of Catalonia, and the watch-tower of the Mediterranean, which seems to push its waves gently towards the neighbouring shore, to kiss the shadows of those crests, which the setting sun reflects in its waters as in a mirror. (For Manresa she was reserving another glory; in a cave not far distant she intended later on to dictate a book to a captain, who had retired from the service of an earthly emperor, to found a company bearing the name of her son Jesus.)

When the Bishop and his pious retinue saw the impossibility of removing the image from the spot it had chosen, they consecrated to it a church on the spot. Pious hermits came to worship the image, living in a monastic way near the temple, or isolated and solitary on the nearest hills, until, according to the most probable opinion, about a century after, the worship was left to the followers of Saint Benedict. (976 A. D.) Two founders of religious institutions, which became the most celebrated in the Church, came to visit the Virgin of Montserrat—St. Peter Nolasco in the thirteenth century, and St. Ignacius of Loyola in the sixteenth century; the latter laying down his “honourable sword” at her feet, to become the recruit and captain of the now very celebrated army of Jesuits.

It would be too lengthy to relate the many favours this Virgin has granted to Catalonia and Spain in general, the devotion of Spanish monarchs, royal and apostolic privileges granted by her, and the numerous miracles she has performed.

“This image,” writes a Romish author, “represents a middle-aged lady, with dark complexion, beautiful and lively eyes, and an admirably perfect and smiling countenance. The Bishop Epiphanius has given an accurate description of the Virgin Mary. He says: ‘She was not very tall, though rather above the middle stature; her complexion, slightly bronzed by the sun, was of the color of ripened corn; her hair was fair, her eyes bright, with the pupils inclining to the color of olives, her arched eye-brows were beautifully black, her nose aquiline and her lips rosy red; the form of her face was oval, her fingers and hands long and tapering.’ St. Dionysius, who was personally acquainted with the Virgin Mary, assures us ‘that her great beauty dazzled him, and, had he not known that there is but one God, he would have worshipped her as a goddess.’ Orsini tells us that she was never seen to be angry or sad, and never offended or scoffed at anyone. ‘In her company,’ he adds, ‘one felt purer and holier, because her presence seemed to shed a peaceful calm around her, which sanctified all she came in contact with. Her looks alone indicated her to be the essence of compassion and mercy. It has been said that she would have interceded even for Lucifer, had he asked for grace.’ ”

According to some biographers, the sacred image which is now in Montserrat, “seems to unite all the excellent qualities which adorned the Virgin Mary herself, as may be proved by the emotions which the worship of this image causes.” A modern writer says:—“Anyone who looks closely at the image, is obliged to bow the head at the sight of the solemnity, sovereignty and majesty of ‘La Señora,’ so that one glance at her has been sufficient to soften the most stony heart. The very sweet fragrance, peculiar to this image, unaided by artificial means, (?) reminds us of its marvelous origin. The various emotions felt, cause an inexpressible and heavenly pleasure, so that in 1755 her ladyship the Duchess of Medinacelli, who could never bear any strong odour, was obliged to exclaim, ‘This is a heaven, where with much contentment and joy, I could remain all my life.’ ” Palafox says in the ninth volume of his works:—“She is so full of invisible graces that no one can be in her presence without getting some good, and she causes the heart to burn by a hidden power that draws one to herself.”



In the year 1582, Mary, daughter of Charles V., and wife of Maximilian II., came to Barcelona with the fleet of Andrew Doria, accompanied by her daughter Margaret, a most virtuous princess. Both Mary and her daughter decided to visit Montserrat, which they did with their suite. Princess Margaret prostrated herself before the altar of the Virgin Mary and fervently besought her to strengthen her faith and love, and to grant her the honour of being called "the spouse" of her Holy Son. According to the story, the sacred image bowed its head as a sign of assent. The young princess "was so inflamed with love to Jesus," that she took a dagger from one of the gentlemen in the retinue, and with her own blood wrote the following words:—

"With my heart's blood I offer and give myself up to be the spouse of Jesus, and I pray that the Virgin Mary may be my Mediator, in confidence of which I annex my signature,"

MARGARET."

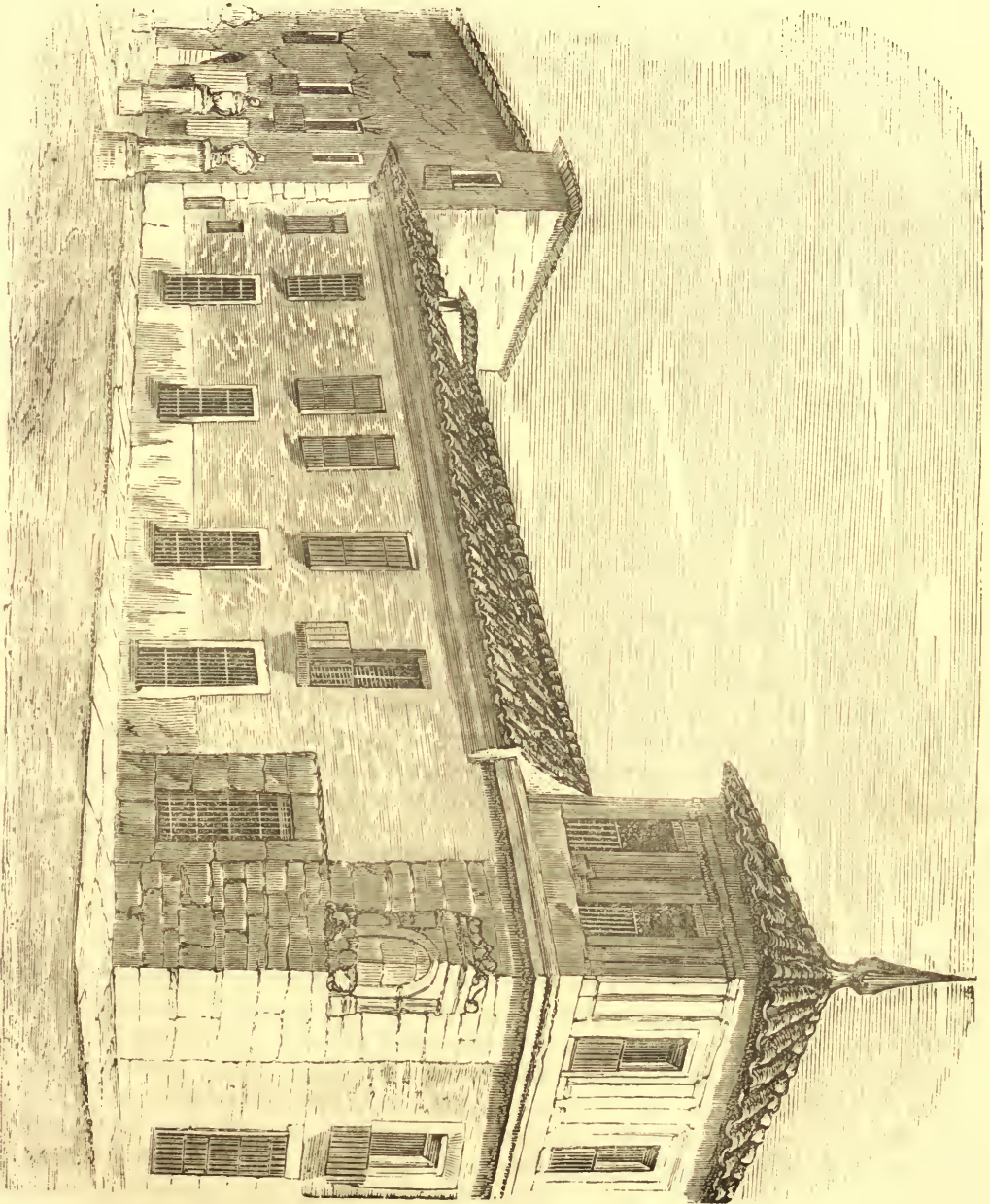
The monastery of Montserrat has ever been one of the most celebrated, austere and privileged in Spain; its abbots have worn mitres ever since the antipope Peter of Luna exempted them from the jurisdiction of Ripoll in 1417; and the worship performed is at once "solemn and splendid." The political vicissitudes through which Spain has passed during this century, have been highly unfavourable to the sanctuary and monastery of Montserrat. On the 31st of July 1812, the French carried off the treasures of the church and monastery, which they had burnt down the previous year. The silver had been used for the national armoury at the value of 35,000 dollars, including the throne of the Virgin which weighed 2 cwt., 1 qr., 21 lbs.

The "*Infant Jesus*" which she holds in her arms, had three crowns, all of which were beautiful and costly. Of these two were of gold; one contained 250 emeralds and 19 diamonds, and the other 234 diamonds, 130 pearls (some of great value), 16 rubies and 2 very precious emeralds. The third crown was of gilded silver.

Of the *Virgin's* four crowns, two were of silver, gilded and inlaid with precious stones. The third was all gold and weighed twelve pounds of twenty-two carats; it contained 2,500 emeralds. This crown was estimated at a value of 50,000 ducats. It was made in Pampelona in South America, and was given as the result of the preaching of Father Peñalosa (a friar of this monastery) which excited the liberality of the Indians. In the fourth crown, which was also of massive gold, sparkled 1,124 diamonds, five of which were valued each at 500 ducats. It was further embellished with 1,800 pearls of equal seize and beauty, 38 valuable emeralds, 21 sapphires and 5 rubies. It was surmounted with a ship of gold and diamonds to the value of 18,000 dollars. The weight of this crown, without the stones, was one and a half *arrobas* (37½ lbs.) and with the stones two *arrobas* (50 lbs.) A Flemish friar, an inmate of the same monastery, laboured for twenty-seven years to complete it, as also the corresponding one of the infant Jesus. A special workshop was established for the purpose, and the stones and jewels which had been presented to the "Sovereign Virgin" by the chief princes and lords of Europe, were employed in the making of it.

And not only did these benefactors present treasures of gold and precious stones to the Virgin of Montserrat, but also others of much greater value which existed until the fire. We will mention a few of these relics which were the gifts of some of these potentates and lords of Europe. There were the heads of Saint

BIRTHPLACE OF PHILIP II. IN VALLADOLID.







Ursula and four of her companions; the fore-finger of St. Benedict; two bones of St. Gertrude the Great; the body of St. Telesphorus, a martyr; an arm of St. Aciscus; a rib of St. Adrian; also one of St. Lawrence; many remains of the holy martyrs of Sardinia; fourpieces of Christ's cross and four pieces of his holy garment, as also many other relics. In the vestry may be seen the rich, white velvet dress, embroidered with gold, which was presented to this Virgen by Queen Isabella II., together with a valuable ornament of amethysts and a chalice in byzantine style. King Francis of Asis, the consort of Queen Isabella, also presented the Virgin with a lily of gold, inlaid with precious stones. A brooch of pearls was the gift of the infanta Isabella, and a butterfly of brilliants was contributed by the Duchess of Montpensier.

"Now, fortunately," says a modern writer, "when the temple is once more opened and repaired, the ancient image restored, a pious community re-established, proper lodgings for pilgrims and devout travellers prepared, a new brotherhood congregated and all the old pilgrimages and processions renewed, Montserrat is again visited and frequented by the devotees of Catalonia as in its best times."

While this is being printed, a pilgrimage is being organised to celebrate the millenary of the veneration of this image, when no doubt all the pomp of idol worship will be again paraded, and all the zeal and Romish bigotry revived, worthy only of the times of

## PHILIP II.

Husband of Queen Mary of England.

In the year 1526, the Empress Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., gave birth to Prince Philip in Valladolid in the house of the Count Rividabia, now the property of the Marquises of Camarasa. From the principal stair-case a small passage was opened to bear the newborn prince to the church of St. Paul. A grating from whence he was carried, still remains, fastened by two large chains. The natal feasts of this ultra-catholic prince were interrupted by the news of the imprisonment of the Pope and sacking of Rome by the troops commanded by the Constable of Bourbon.

The doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, which had by that time spread throughout Europe, were received in Valladolid and Seville as in no other cities of Spain. More than two hundred and fifty years have passed since a Spaniard thus wrote of his native land:—"In Spain, many very learned, many very noble, and many of the highest gentry, have for this cause" (that of the reformed faith) "been led forth to the scaffold. There is not a city, and, if one may so speak, there is not a village, nor a hamlet, nor a noble house in Spain, that has not had, and still has, one or more that God in his infinite mercy has enlightened with the light of his gospel. Our enemies have done what they could to put out this light, and thus they have visited with loss of property, of honour, and of life, very many in Spain. And yet it is worthy of note, the more they threaten, scourge, throw into the galleys, imprison, or burn, the more they multiply." \* Seville was one of the headquarters of the Holy (?) Office in Spain. I will relate the touching story of a maiden martyr of this city in the words of J. H. C. †

\* See De Castro's Spanish Protestants.

† "Historical Tales for Young Protestants," (Rel. Tract. S.) a book which I highly recommend to all my young friends.

"Among those who had been seized by the familiars, and brought before the court of Inquisition, was a young Spanish lady, named Maria de Bohorques, the daughter of a gentleman of high position in Seville, and related to several noble families. Her early youth was full of hope and promise, and her home was cheered by every earthly comfort. But she had been led by Divine grace to give her heart to Christ, and set her affections on things above.



The Maiden Martyr of Seville.

"Maria, when about twenty-one years of age, was suspected of being faithless to the church of Rome. Her tutor, Doctor Gil, who had been led to embrace the reformed faith, was one of the most learned men of the age. Under his care she had studied the Holy Scriptures in their original languages. A blessing had attended the reading of the word of God; and her gifted and inquiring mind had found the only foundation on which true religion rests. She was not long in learning that the Roman Catholic religion is contrary to the truth of God, and she had courage to make known what she knew and felt.

"There were times when Maria thought of the terrible Inquisition. In her hours of secret study and prayer, she had asked of God to give her strength, if the day of trial which had come to many should at last reach her. And now it had come, and she stood alone before her judges.

"The maiden martyr was led by the familiars into a secret chamber, where at a table sat the inquisitors, clad in dark robes, their faces scarcely to be seen, from the position in which they sat, amid the deep gloom of the place. Before them was a small wooden cross, and a roll of paper inscribed with the charge against the prisoner. By her side were the familiars, who acted both as guards and witnesses.

"Soft words were at first spoken. They told her that they wished well to her soul; that they hoped to restore a stray sheep to the fold. As she listened to their address, Maria prayed in her heart, and strength was given her to be faithful. She boldly owned her hope in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and refused to yield to the smooth speeches or the angry threats of her judges. They then declared that, unless, she submitted to the church of Rome, she should be tried by torture... The order was now given to stretch her upon the rack; and like wolves greedy for their prey, the officers seized her, and casting her on the frame, they secured her wrists and feet to the cords. In a few minutes the slow turn of the wheel drew her tender limbs, as though they would be torn from her body... The



The Great Square at Seville.



torture was again applied, but in vain;... the bold girl refused to renounce her own faith or betray those she loved.

"On the morning of the 24th of September, 1559, more than one fatal stake was driven in the great square of the city of Seville. A number of the reformed faith were to be burned that day. Among them was Maria de Bohorques. Early in the morning the familiars came to her cell, to carry her to the place of death, for the torture had deprived her of the power to walk. Feeble in body, she was yet strong in heart. Her inward strength was made perfect in weakness and suffering. The Lord was with her; she 'endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.' Her looks betrayed no fear; it was to her a day of victory and deliverance. Through the flames she passed to glory."

The Inquisition had special work to do in Valladolid. The Jews having been exterminated and the Spanish Mahometans for a time subdued, the attention of the Inquisitors was directed towards those who embraced the Lutheran religion. No few of these were taken to that dark tribunal in the *Calle del Obispo*, and their sad and lamentable fate is still borne witness of in the verses that are even now legible on the walls of the dungeons. One of these verses is as follows:—

«Con fé, caridad y esperanza,  
Y obrando bien por amor,  
La gloria de Dios se alcanza,  
Y esta es ver la alabanza,  
Con que.....»

With faith, hope and charity,  
And works that spring from love,  
We can attribute glory  
And praise to God above.  
So that.....

These lines were never finished; perhaps the unfortunate writer lost his life, or perhaps his strength failed him before completing them. Another verse reads thus:—

«En tu fé santa me fundo,  
Bendito y santo Jesús  
Pues yo sé cierto que tú  
Viniste á salvar el mundo.»

In thy holy faith I rest,  
Oh Jesus, Saviour, blessed and true,  
For I know that to this world  
Thou camest to save and save me too.

I translate from the work of Llorente, secretary of the Inquisition, as follows:—"I will speak first of the principal *autos de fé* in Valladolid. I have before me details written the day after some of these events, and I would copy them as they will add to the interest of my readers, for they describe the platforms, the scaffolds and the seats of the persons of many and different ranks, and even the dresses worn by the prince Don Carlos and the princess Doña Juana on one occasion, and by Philip II. on another in Valladolid. On the so-called Trinity Sunday, the 21st of May, 1559, the first solemn *auto* took place in Valladolid. It was presided over by the princes in the largest square. There were present all the principal members of the court, many Spanish grandes, still more titled marquises, counts, viscounts and barons, and other gentlemen and ladies of all ranks, and outside the seats an innumerable crowd of people. The platforms, scaffolds, seats, pulpits, steps and altars were laid out as described in pictures of such events. Forty persons came out from the Inquisition prison to be burnt, together with the effigy and bones of



one already dead, and sixteen to be reconciled to the church by penance. Among both parties the following individuals are worthy of notice. Doña Leonor de Vivero, wife of Don Pedro Cazalla, intendant to the King, and daughter of Don Juan de Vivero, who had held the same office, and of Constanza Ortiz. She was the owner of a chapel and pantheon in the church of the monastery of St. Benedict in Valladolid, where she was buried as having died in the Catholic faith. After her death she was accused of having lived and died as a Lutheran, although she tried to hide

the fact by receiving the sacrament and extreme unction from the Romish church. The Inquisition procured this information from prisoners who, while undergoing torture or from fear of having to do so, declared all they knew of the matter. It was discovered that her house was the Valladolid Lutheran temple, and after declaring that she had died a heretic, her memory was proclaimed as stained with perpetual infamy, which was to be inherited by her children and



grandchildren; her goods were to be confiscated, and orders were given for her body to be disinterred, and with her effigy, dressed in a *san benito*, burned in the *auto de fé*. Her house was to be razed to the ground, not to be rebuilt, and on the site a monument bearing all the details was to be raised. All this was done; I myself have seen the spot, the monument and the inscription, but I hear it does not now exist, as the French in the year 1809 demolished such a ferocious testimony of hatred to the dead."

The inscription was as follows:—

PRESIDIENDO LA IGLESIA ROMANA PAULO IV,  
Y REINANDO EN ESPAÑA FELIPE II, EL SANTO OFICIO DE LA  
INQUISICION CONDENÓ Á DERROCAR Y ASOLAR ESTAS CASAS DE PEDRO CAZALLA  
Y DE DOÑA LEONOR DE VIVERO, SU MUJER, PORQUE LOS HIEREJES  
LUTERANOS SE JUNTABAN Á HACER CONVENTÍCULOS  
CONTRA NUESTRA SANTA FÉ CATÓLICA É IGLESIA ROMANA,  
EN 21 DE MAYO DE 1559.

During the popedom of Paul IV., and in the reign of Philip II., the Holy Office of the Inquisition condemned these houses, of Peter Cazalla and his wife Doña Leonor de Vivero, to be razed to the ground, because the Lutheran heretics met in them to hold their conventicles against our Holy Faith and Romish Church. May 21st. 1559.

"Among those who came out to die," continues Llorente, "were Francisco de Vivero Cazalla, priest of Hormigos in the bishopric of Palencia, and brother of



PALACE OF THE INQUISITION AT CORDOVA.





Doctor Augustin Cazalla. He died calmly in the flames without any shew of grief or repentance. Before being burnt he was degraded, and there was no lack of bishops present to perform the office of degradation."

The second *auto de fé* on the 8th of October, 1559, was celebrated in the presence and under the presidency of Philip himself. The first to suffer was Don Carlos de Seso, or Sesse, born of an illustrious Italian family. He had served for many years in the army of Charles V. and married a descendant of King Peter I. According to the declarations of several prisoners, De Seso was the promoter of the Lutheran movement in Valladolid. The eve of the day on which he was to be burned alive, he wrote out a declaration of his faith in true gospel sense. Llorente writing of him says:—"It is impossible to paint or describe the vigour with which he filled two large sheets of paper a few hours before his death. As he passed before the place where Philip II. was seated, he said, 'You, who are such a gentleman, how *can* you burn me?' To which Philip replied, 'If it were my own son, I would fetch the wood to burn him, were he such a wretch as thou art.' When he was tied to the stake, the gag which the 'prudent' King had ordered to be put into his mouth was taken away, and when his tongue was free he said to those around him, 'Light the fire as soon as you can, that I may die in it.' "

The second who suffered was Father Domingo, a presbyter of the Dominican order, and son of the Marquis de Poza. When he passed before Philip he asked to be allowed to speak a few words to the "King of two worlds." "I must needs say some words of counsel for the good of your majesty and many others. Although in the opinion of the vulgar I go hence as a heretic, I believe in God the Father Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, in the Holy Church, and I believe in the passion of Christ, which alone suffices to save the world without any other work to justify the soul before God, and in this I believe for salvation." The King ordered him away before he had finished speaking, but the martyr was determined to speak the Gospel to his executioners, and laying hold of a post, continued to speak. Two friars vainly endeavoured to make him loose his hold, but a muscular servant of the Holy Inquisition overpowered him and gagged him to the place of burning. A hundred friars of his order tried on the way to turn him, but his only answer was, "No, no." The friars out of pity garroted him before he was burnt.

A notable example of the faith and patience of the martyrs of the times of the Inquisition is described by Longfellow in his poem entitled

### TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days when Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,  
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
In a great castle, near Valladolid,  
Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,  
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,  
An old Hidalgo, proud and taciturn,  
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,  
And all his actions, save this one alone;  
This one so terrible, perhaps 'twere best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein  
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;  
A double picture, with its gloom and glow,  
The splendour overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost  
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed;  
And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,  
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street;  
Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought,  
As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.  
In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent,  
Walked in processions with his head down bent,  
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen,  
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.  
His only pastime was to hunt the boar  
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,  
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down  
To some grand bull-fight in the neighbouring town,  
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,  
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.

Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;  
The demon whose delight is to destroy  
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,  
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out His own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,  
Returning from their convent school, had made  
Besplendent with their bloom the forest shade,  
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,  
When first she came into that gloomy place,—  
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,  
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown  
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.  
These two fair daughters of a mother dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.  
A joy at first, and then a growing care,  
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!"  
A vague presentiment of impending doom,  
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,  
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear  
That death to some one of his house was near,  
With dark surmises of a hidden crime,  
Made life itself a death before its time.  
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,  
A spy upon his daughters he became;  
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,  
He glided softly through half-open doors;  
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,  
He stood beside them ere they were aware;  
He listened in the passage when they talked,  
He watched them from the casement when they walked,  
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side,  
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;  
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt  
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,  
Baffled he paused; then reassured again  
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.  
He watched them even when they knelt in church  
And then, descending lower in his search,  
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes  
Listened incredulous to their replies;  
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood!  
The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came,  
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,  
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,  
And the ancestral glories of the past;  
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,  
A turret rent from battlement to base.  
His daughters talking in the dead of night,  
In their own chamber, and without a light,  
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,  
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;  
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry  
He raised his hands to the un pitying sky,  
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree  
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face,  
He walked all night the alleys of his park,  
With one unseen companion in the dark,  
The Demon who within him lay in wait,  
And by his presence turned his love to hate,  
For ever muttering in an undertone,  
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out His own!"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,

While yet the dew was glistening on the grass,  
And all the woods were musical with birds,  
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,  
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room  
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.  
When questioned, with brief answers they replied,  
Nor when accused evaded or denied;  
Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
All that the human heart most fears or feels,  
In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed,  
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed;  
Until at last he said, with haughty mien,  
"The Holy Office, then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,  
His awful name resounding, like the blast  
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,  
Came to Valladolid, and there began  
To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.  
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate  
Demanded audience on affairs of state,  
And in a secret chamber stood before  
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;  
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,  
And in his hand the mystic horn he held,  
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.  
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
Then answered in a voice that made him quail:  
"Son of the Church! when Abraham of old  
To sacrifice his only son was told,  
He did not pause to parley nor protest,  
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.  
In him it was accounted righteousness;  
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,  
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.  
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?  
His daughters he accused, and the same day  
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,  
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,  
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,  
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more  
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,  
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son,  
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.  
By his example taught, let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering!"  
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:  
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified,  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;  
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went his way  
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,  
Where once his daughters in their childhood played  
With their young mother in the sun and shade.  
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare  
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
And screaming from their eyries overhead  
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.  
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound  
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,  
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.





THE TWO MARTYRS OF VALLADOLID.





THE TWO SISTERS OF THE FOUNTAIN

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,  
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—  
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"  
And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
"Son of the Church! thine offering is complete;  
Her servants through all ages shall not cease  
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.  
At the four corners, in stern attitude,  
Four statues of the Hebrew prophets stood,  
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes  
Upon this place of human sacrifice,  
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,  
With clamour of voices dissonant and loud.  
And every roof and window was alive  
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,  
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,  
A line of torches smoked along the street,  
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,  
And, with its banners floating in the air,  
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,  
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,  
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,

And louder sang the monks with bell and book,  
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,  
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,  
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!  
O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain  
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?  
O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss  
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke  
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,  
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.  
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,  
And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
They saw the figure of that cruel knight  
Lean from a window in the turret's height,  
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,  
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones  
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;  
His name has perished with him, and no trace  
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,  
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,  
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

A sermon preached before an *auto de fé* (in 1693) by Friar Manuel Guerra Ribera, preacher to the King, will not only give an idea of the style of the sermons of those times, but also shew how easy it is to wrest the Scriptures "to the destruction" of interpreters and of others, by a fanciful and strained application. The Sword of the Spirit has two edges to cut both ways.

The sermon had two points: first, The obligation to denounce to the inquisitors; second, The holiness of their charge. The preacher said: "The first day of March (the day he was preaching,) Moses opened the Tabernacle; Aaron put on his priestly robes; and the princes of the tribes offered to obey the commands and precepts. On this occasion *we* have to open the temple of St. Francis; to promulgate pontifical commands; deliver heretics to the inquisitors—the vicars of the High Priest—and the chief Christians of Saragossa have to promise obedience." Aaron was the inquisitor of the law, and is represented to-day by the inquisitors of Saragossa. The book of the Revelation is shut up with seven seals; but the secrets of the Inquisition are so great that they need to be closed with seven thousand. Only a *lion* could open the book; but, afterwards, he converted himself into a *lamb*—a clear figure of an inquisitor! In order to hunt out crimes he is a roaring lion, but, after having discovered them, is a lamb, who treats all the criminals whose names are written in the book, with sweetness, frankness and compassion. Other elders attended on the opening of the book, with phials full of odours. These phials were small, not *large* bottles, and had *small mouths*: therefore the ministers ought to speak little. The odours were aromatic, and St. John says they signify 'the prayers of saints.' The saints are the inquisitors, who *make prayers before passing sentence*. \* The text says that the ministers had likewise 'mandolins' (*citaras*, in Spanish.)

\* We know of some prayers offered up on earth before writing letters, giving sentences, etc., that have not yet reached heaven. Be careful of the expression, "I did it after much prayer." The Spaniards have what is called "*misa de intencion*," i. e., a mass said, that the end may justify the means.



Why not harps or guitars? Nothing of the sort; the strings of *these* two instruments are made from the skins of animals. The Inquisition flays no one. (?) The mandolin has *metal* cords, and the inquisitor ought to temper the metal or iron, and accomodate it to the circumstances of the criminal. The guitar is played with the hand—the symbol of despotic power; the mandolin with a quill—the hieroglyphic of *wisdom*. So let it be ‘mandolin,’ and not guitar nor harp, because the inquisitors decide with wisdom, and not despotically.”

A few statistics will shew these “lamb-like” (?) proceedings of the defenders of Catholic unity. Torres de Castilla, in his history (vol. 6. page 758) gives the number of victims of the Spanish Inquisition as follows:—

Burnt alive . . . . .	34,659
Do. in effigy . . . . .	17,552
Other punishments. . . . .	304,448
	<hr/>
TOTAL . . . . .	356,659
	<hr/>

According to the same author, reckoning the family of each victim to be composed of only five individuals, to whom is attached the dishonour and misery caused by the punishment of fire and confiscation, the number of direct victims of the Inquisition in Spain, not taking into account those burnt in America, Portugal, and other countries, will amount to 1,705,105. The French historian of the Inquisition, Leonard Gallois, makes the number of victims of the Spanish Inquisition, (including the Moors and Jews who were banished,) amount to 5,000,000 of persons.

Phillp II. saw his wicked policy carried out not in Spain only, but also in France by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which so much has been written, and which has been fully described and confirmed by both Protestant and Catholic historians. Muret, one of the latter, in a discourse directed to Pope Gregory, says: “On that memorable night, the stars shone with a most resplendent brilliancy, and the Seine flowed with unparalleled swiftmess, so that it might more quickly carry away the impure bodies of the Huguenots which were thrown into it by the murderers.” The zeal of the murderers was heightened by a miracle. In the ancient Cemetery of the Priests there stood a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in front of it a white-thorn bush, which for years had been utterly barren. On the morning of the massacre it became laden with its snowy blossoms. Everybody went to see it; everybody believed “it was a sign from heaven of God’s approval of the Catholic uprising and the admiral Coligny’s death.”

A Romish theologian maintains that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was authorised by the doctrine of St. Augustin, the most illustrious of Latin Fathers. “Heresy being such a heinous, deadly, corrupting evil,” said Louis of Orleans, “it ought to be annihilated with hammers and shears, without consideration of natural ties or friendships, princes or subjects, for God put the sword in the hands of kings, that it might be used as a bistoury in the hands of a surgeon.” “Compassion,” writes Bishop Bitonte, “would be cruelty, and cruelty at the same time would be mercy.” Father Guignard said: “The only fault committed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was that not enough blood was drawn, and that there was certain royal blood not touched, which grew worse after the disease.” “It is of no use,” said Catharine of Médicis to her son Charles IX., when he had signed the order for the massacre; “these rotten members must be cut off from the bosom of the Church, the spouse of Christ.” On that memorable night of the 24th of August,





REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.





1572, that cruel queen-mother entered the chamber of her royal son to confirm him in his horrid deed. She led him to a window in the Louvre to witness the sad scenes so well known to history.

Pope Gregory XIII. caused a medal to be struck and a painting to be made in honor and in approbation of the event. On one side of the medal was the portrait of the pope; on the other, a destroying angel holding a cross in one hand, and a sword in the other, with which he is slaying the Protestants; and on this medal were the words, "*Ugonottorum strages*," "the slaughter of the Huguenots." Philip II. hastened to congratulate Catharine of Médicis, and envied Charles IX. this master-stroke of inhumanity.

But King Philip, not being satisfied with the slaughter of a hundred thousand French Protestants that were murdered within three months, soon afterwards founded the terrible "Ultra-Catholic League" for the entire destruction of Evangelical truth in all Europe. Henry IV., called "the Good," under God's providence, though opposed by Philip, gave the French Christians breathing-time by the famous Edict of Nantes. (1594) "Then had the churches rest," but it did not last long. Under Louis XIV. the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and then all the horrid scenes of former history were continued, and in a few months the welfare and domestic peace of the Protestants were at an end. The "dragoons" of the King invaded every house where their supposed enemies dwelt; meeting-places and schools were closed, and preachers and teachers banished; and emigration, which was continued on an alarming scale, was forbidden under pain of banishment and confiscation of the estates of the emigrants. Notwithstanding this, 500,000 Frenchmen were scattered abroad throughout the different countries of Europe.



The Louvre in the Sixteenth Century.



opens her prison-doors, from whence she gladly escapes to find herself soon, through the providence of God, side by side with William, Prince of Orange, whose wife she became, and so gave birth, by maternal line, to that wonderful genealogy which has placed upon the throne of England the Queen of memorable age, VICTORIA.

What a contrast between Victoria's days and government, and those of the

We well know how England became enriched in arts and commerce, how many honourable names were added to her role of nobility by giving asylum to these persecuted defenders of the faith. Well may Rome rage and dread Bible and Religious Tract Societies. What mighty results have followed the introduction of a few tracts into the nunnery of Jouarre, by which Charlotte of Bourbon, the lady-abbess, was led to see the truth as it is in Christ; and then the war of 1572



three principal personages—Charles V., Philip II. and Charles IX. of France—some-what of whose history has passed before us! And we doubt not, but that a more glorious and notable contrast will be witnessed between *her* last days and departing hour, and those of the unhappy monarchs whose marked hatred to the Book of books lost them their earthly crown, and, we fear, also a heavenly one. Charles V. ended his days in the gloomy convent of St. Yuste, endeavouring to make clocks and watches keep pace and time; he confessed this vain attempt to be but the true picture of his life's work, namely, *to make all men think and believe alike*. Philip II., in his newly built palace-tomb, the Escorial, boasting that he could now *manage at this end* half the world, Old and New, upon two sheets of paper, very soon, persued by the cruelties and follies of his life, departed. Brantome the historian says: "His lingering disease was terrific in body and in mind; covered with lice-breeding boils, he was haunted with doubts whether his bloody bigotry (the supposed merit of his life) was not in truth a damning crime." History is not less faithful in describing the frightful agonies and miserable death of Charles IX., at the age of twenty-four, whose dying-hour was harder, if possible, than any of the hundreds of thousands of his victims, fearful as their sufferings were.

Partly leaving the *enemies* of The Book, and before entering upon the present work and prospects of Evangelical truth in Spain, a few facts about some of its old *friends* and their labours for its circulation will be needful and interesting, as seen in a brief reference to

## TRANSLATORS, TRANSLATIONS

### AND COLPORTEURS OF SPANISH BIBLES.

To introduce this subject I translate a very important part of the preface of the Spanish authorised version of the Roman Catholic Church made by Father Philip Scio, Bishop of Segovia. His remarks will interest the readers of THE AURORA IN SPAIN. In order to justify the proceedings of the Inquisition in their prohibition of the Sacred Scriptures up to that date, and at the same time to carry out (in 1794) his attempt to publish his Bible for *popular use*, he says:

"These provisions were made by the protectors of the faith for three notable reasons. The first reason was, the number of Bibles that were translated into the vulgar tongue by the heretics, and which they circulated daily in the Catholic dominions to the great hurt of souls, as we read of a certain Julian Hernandez who in the year 1557 introduced many copies into Seville. The second reason was, the daring determination of these heretics to deny the Latin Vulgate, which was laterly recognised by the Council of Trent and venerated by all Catholics; and for this purpose they put their perverted versions into the hands of the people. These versions were suited to their intelligence, and always translated from the Hebrew or Greek text, but never from the Vulgate. The third reason was, the agitation produced everywhere by the new heresies of Luther and Calvin. In France they had caused a great stir, in Germany a division, and in England a schism, and all this because the heretics made the common people judges of religious controversies, and put into the hands of every labourer and every common woman a Bible, which none of them understood. This corruption might have reached us (the Spaniards,) had it not been for the rigor, firmness and precautions of our government. We might add another cause, namely, that no *Spanish* Catholic Bible had been printed, as we shall see further on...



“Our language is well adapted for the translation of the Word of God, without exposing that Word to the risks of other vulgar tongues, because it abounds in magnificent, decorous and grave expressions, and is very fit in itself to exhibit the strength and energy of the originals, and almost word for word the order and arrangement of the Hebrew and Greek languages, as has been said by our early interpreters, and will be easily seen by any person who has had a fair education, by comparing those languages with our own, which is indeed even more appropriate than the Latin language.

“For this reason our four principal printed versions have been so much appreciated by learned men. The *first* version is that one commonly called *Ferrara*, because it was printed in a city of that name in one large volume in Gothic letters with the following title: ‘*Bible in the Spanish language, translated word for word from the Hebrew truth by very excellent scholars, seen and examined by the Office of the Inquisition* (in 1553 A. D.)’.... The *second* Spanish Bible, containing the Old and New Testament, is by Casiodoro de Reina, a native of Seville. It was published in 1569 under the following title: ‘*The Bible, or the Sacred Books of the Old and New Testament, translated into Spanish. — The Word of our God shall stand for ever.* ISAIAH XL. MDLXIX.’ The translator did his work with the aid of the Hebrew and Greek originals, and though he confesses in his prologue that he also used the Latin Vulgate, he does so more with the object of seducing persons who are off their guard, than for the sake of truth .... The *third* Spanish version of the Bible was published in Amsterdam in the year 1602, by Cipriano de Valera, under the title: ‘*The Bible, or the Sacred Books of the Old and New Testament. Second edition, revised and compared with the Hebrew and Greek texts, and with different translations, by Cipriano de Valera. — The Word of our God shall stand for ever. In Amsterdam, at the house of Lorenzo Jacobi.* MDCH....’ The *fourth* version which, we may say, the same as the Ferrara one, was printed in 1630 and published by Manassah Ben Israel, a Portuguese Jew, in 5390. (or 1630 A. D.).....

“In all these versions the magnificent character and propriety of our language for the interpretation of the Oracle of the Holy Spirit cannot be denied, although they are not admitted by the Holy Church, because their authors were not Catholics and did not use their work for the building up of the holy house of the Lord, and for other substantial defects which they contain. But in these times, (1794) when the Catholic faith is deeply rooted in our nation, and shines in our Spanish monarchy, which is spread over the four parts of the World, when our religion is pure and not mixed with any sect whatever, when the study of the Holy Scriptures is so much cultivated, difficulties made plain, which before caused the use of versions in the vulgar tongue to be dangerous, and when so many learned and pious men have edified the faithful with right translations, no one will doubt the usefulness and importance of the reading the Divine Scriptures in their native tongue. Never more than now is the Spanish Bible needed for Spain and for its august monarch Charles IV.....

“With this same motive the wise king of Castile, Don Alfonso X., was the first of the Kings of Spain who caused the Sacred Books of the Bible to be translated into the Spanish tongue about the year 1260. A copy of this Bible in five folio volumes is preserved in the royal library of the Escorial. The historian Father Mariana says, that ‘the King commanded this version to be made in order that the Spanish language, which was at that time rough, might be polished and enriched; and was sure that the faithful would not give up the book wherein they found written the words of *salvation, truth and eternal life.*’ The King Don Alonso V. of Aragon, in the beginning of the 15th century, ordered another translation of



the Bible to be made into Spanish, and it is likewise preserved in the royal library of St. Lorenzo in two manuscript volumes, bound in vellum, very beautifully written, the capital letters being illuminated with gold and crimson. The same glory may be attributed to Don Juan II., king of Castile, a notable protector of learning, who reigned at the same time. We cannot omit the Bible translated into the dialect of Valencia or Catalan by Dr. Bonifacius Ferrer."

We have thus brought before us, in these words of the Roman Catholic Bishop, some of the most important persons and labours of the translators of the stirring times of the Reformation. The principal of these, as a translator, was Cipriano de Valera, and to us his Spanish version of the Sacred Word is the most important. Escaping from Seville with Casiodoro de Reina, Dr. Juan Perez, and other distinguished men, under the edicts of Philip's time, he dedicated himself assiduously to the translation and correction of the Scriptures, which when finished, found their way into Spain, and since then, no power has been able to stay the multiplication by thousands and hundreds of thousands. His translation must be specially dear to us, because we are now "dragging through" all the labour and turmoil of *reprinting*, *correcting*, and *circulating* the latest edition of Valera's Bible, with the addition of the most approved marginal readings and references not contained in other editions. How that good man must have loved the Word, may be seen by an epistle he wrote to the persecuted flock of Christ in Barbary (Africa.) He says:—

"We see how wickedly has the Pope prohibited to the Christian world the reading of the Word of God, all of which is contrary to the express command of God, of Christ, and of his apostles, and against all that the holy fathers of the Church have taught, and for the reading of which the holy martyrs of Christ suffered death. It is the express command of God (Deut. xvii, 18) that the King should write in a book all the will of God, and that he should read in it all the days of his life. The decree of the great Emperor Theodosius II., a prince of Spanish descent, agrees with this. With his own hand he wrote out the entire New Testament, and he and the Empress Eudoxia, a woman very learned in the Scriptures, and also the sister of the Emperor, listened to the Emperor's morning-reading of the Word. Alfred, king of England, read it, dividing the twenty-four hours of the day into three parts: eight he passed in reading, prayer and meditation; eight in tending to the national affairs, and the rest in sleep. Of Charlemagne we read that he was much given to the reading of the Word of God. The king of Spain, Récēsuinto or Rocinsunto, who died in the year 672, among his other virtues had a great thirst to know the mysteries of the Sacred Text. Robert, king of France, was not only learned in human sciences, but was wonderfully so in the Scriptures."

Here we must not omit to add the name of Philip II. as one who distinguished himself about Bible translation, and I will do so in the language used by Don Luis de Usóz y Río—whom we shall have to mention again—after speaking of Philip as a "mystery of perversity." "At the request of Dr. Benedict Arias Montano," writes Señor Usóz, "but particularly inspired by the propensity or natural desire to annihilate the mention of any name but his own, King Philip thought he could blot from men's memory the fact, that another and the first polyglot Bible printed in Spain, had been made before he was born. He therefore ordered Arias to print another polyglot edition that would bring the Bible out of that A. B. C. condition, upon which the edition printed in Alcalá (1514) by Cardinal Cisneros had cast some light. Acting upon this order, Arias Montano went to Flanders, and Platino, aided and directed by him, printed (1568) the second polyglot Bible." The singularity of the case being, that the poor translator, Arias, had to remain (Spanish fashion!) without payment for his great and important labours. —Arias gave in his account



to Philip II. for the printing of 1057 copies, but Philip's bills were all dishonoured, and poor Arias received only royal ingratitude as his payment.

Among the Spanish reformed writers, Francisco de Encinas is the one who published the largest number of works. His version of the New Testament was printed in Antwerp in 1543. Doctor Juan Perez, who had found a refuge in Geneva, published after five years of labour his translation of the New Testament in 1556, and is the author of various other books. After finishing these works the great difficulty of introducing them into Spain had to be overcome. This was a very difficult task on account of the extreme vigilance in those times, when the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition ruled in all its power, and there was not a Spaniard daring enough to carry the books this side the Pyrenees. On September 7th 1558, Philip II. published the wicked law, threatening with death and confiscation of goods, any who should sell, cause to enter into the kingdom, buy, read or possess any books which were prohibited by the Holy Office.

At last a person of unequailed courage was found for the purpose - Julian Hernandez, generally called *Julianillo*, little Julian, on account of his short stature, but inside his small body he had a noble soul and mind. He heard of the reformed faith while he was in Germany, and afterwards joined Dr. Juan Perez in Geneva and became his amanuensis and corrector of proofs. As he could see no means for conveying the books into his country, where he ardently wished the knowledge of the Gospel to be spread, he of his own accord resolved to take a large number of the translations of the Scriptures in Spanish, and other Protestant books, and introduce them into Spain. He put the books into wine casks, and going by way of Flanders he proceeded with such tact and coolness, that he everywhere managed to elude the vigilance of the agents of the Inquisition, and landed his precious cargo safe and sound in Seville, at the house of Don Juan Ponce de Leon, (who was burnt on the 24th of September, 1559,) and this illustrious gentleman distributed them amongst his friends in and about the city.

But, on his way through Flanders, Julian had given a book to a blacksmith, who shewed it to a priest, at the same time describing his person, and by these means the inquisitors in Spain heard of him, and he was caught and conducted to the prisons of the Holy Office in Seville. When questioned by the inquisitors, he did not try in the least to conceal his opinions, but rather congratulated himself on having been the means of introducing light into his dark land, and no torture could make him give vent to a single sentence that would in any way reveal his partners in the faith, or bring them into trouble. Although he had not the advantages of a liberal education, with his Bible knowledge alone he confounded the friars who visited his cell to try and convince him, and those who accused him in the tribunal were equally confused. With a fortitude that contrasted greatly with the smallness of his body, he often suffered the torture by which his members were torn out of joint, and returned to his cell as if he had not suffered anything. When he was carried through the passages, by other cells, on the way to his own, he would sing in a triumphant tone, as if to cheer the other prisoners:—

«Vencidos van los frailes, vencidos van;  
Corridos van los lobos, corridos van.»

The friars are conquered; see how they run!  
Away run the wolves; see how they run!

The inquisitors at last discovered everything, and the new church of the reformers was destroyed. In an *auto de fe* that followed (in 1560,) Julian, with 14

others, was brought out to be burned, after he had been in prison for three years. He gave, during his martyrdom, proofs of undaunted firmness in his belief, well proved energy, and indomitable courage, and gave up his life, without hesitation, as a sacrifice for his faith. When he came out of prison to go to the stake he said to his fellow-martyrs: "*My companions, be firm in your resolution, for now is when we most need to shew ourselves brave soldiers of Jesus Christ. Let us give before men a faithful testimony to Him and His truth, for within a few hours we shall be rewarded by receiving from Him the token of approbation and triumph throughout eternity.*" When a gag was placed in his mouth, he still continued to cheer his companions by looks and signs. When he reached the stake he knelt down and kissed the stone on which the pile was raised, and tried to place a little of the wood on his head, so that he might burn the sooner. The soldiers who stood round became irritated and impatient, and ran their spears through his body.

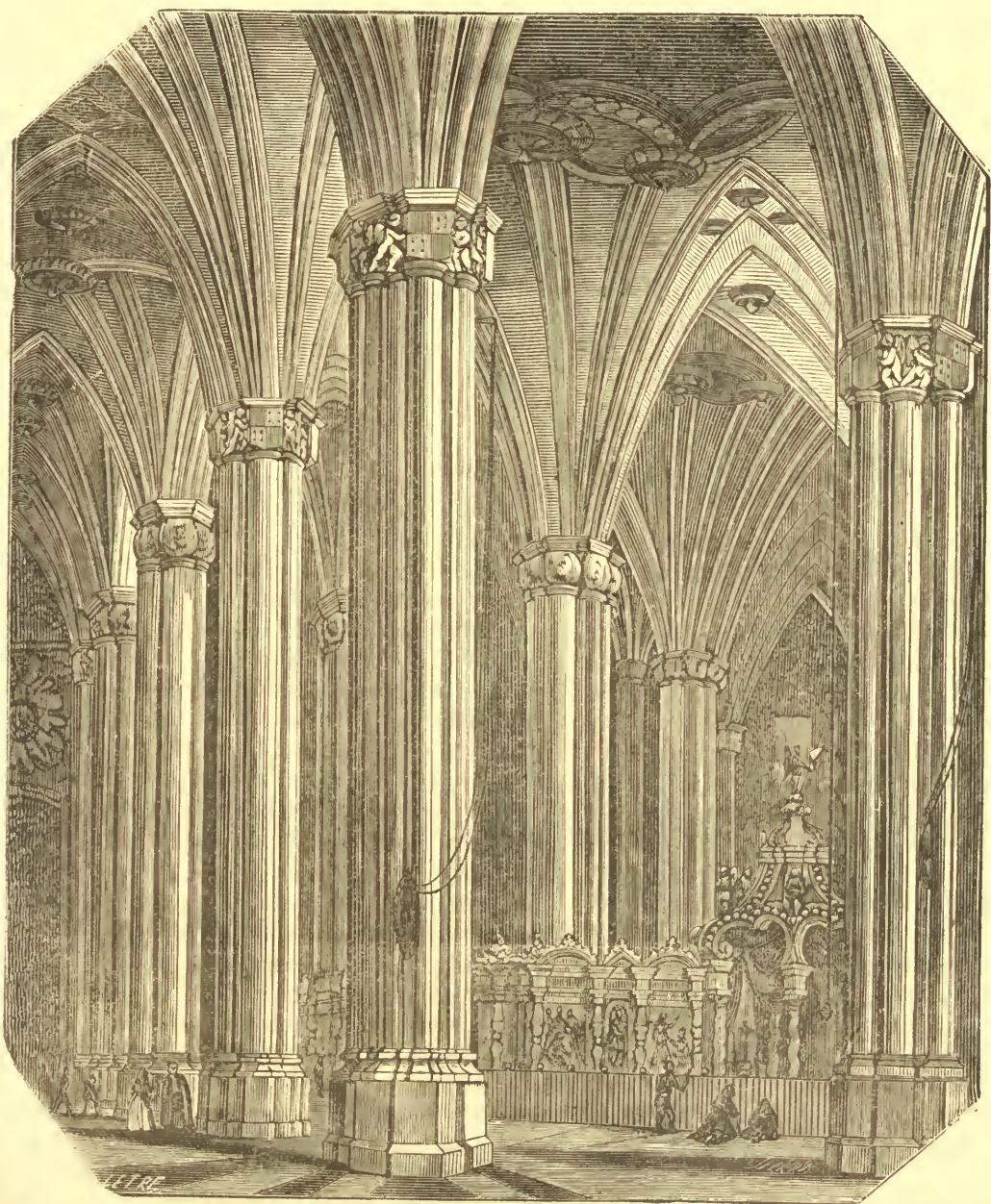
This is now a fitting moment to make special mention of Don Luis de Usoz y Rio, to whom the Church of Christ, particularly in Spain, owes a debt of gratitude for the recovery of so many precious works of the Spanish Reformers, which the Inquisition had cast into oblivion, and upon the reprinting and circulation of which he spent large sums of money. He also ranks high as a translator of the sacred page. In this work he was engaged when he departed to be with Christ.

Great the privilege and no small the comfort to Mr. W. Gould and my father, to be introduced to this true Spanish Hidalgo on their first visit to Madrid in 1865. The door of his house was opened only to a few, and still fewer were allowed to enter his magnificent library, in which was a rich collection of the rarest books in many languages, ancient and modern. At a little table in that library he had sat and laboured many years—a secret disciple, but like one mentioned in the Scripture, the spices were at last brought forth to testify to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. In a little cupboard by his side he always had a large pile of napoleons, the product of rents of confiscated church property which he had purchased from the Government. These were devoted to the cost of that noble work of his life. About five days before his departure, a portion of these (L. 15) were given to pay for three hundred Bibles which a godly English captain had brought to Alicante, dispersing them among his own ship-library. Mr. Gould and my father went on their "Julian Hernandez" mission to bring them on shore. God helped them wonderfully, (as He has before and since in like expeditions.) They took seven journeys of a mile each, in the burning sun, laden with Bibles!

"What *has* that fellow got there?" said one of the custom-guards lowering his gun, when they were making their last journey. Every book was safely landed at their lodgings. They returned to Madrid and hastened to the house of Señor Usoz, hoping to gladden him by their success, but found on arriving that our friend had departed after a very short illness. His prayer, that he might die and be buried quietly, and unmolested by Jesuit confessors, had been answered. He rose from the desk, went to the sofa and passed away with the words, "*I shall soon be at home in my Father's house.*"

Surely, had he been spared to live and see the present work in Spain, he would have rejoiced in the fruits of his own and others' past labours. But he was taken away before the dawn of liberty had been proclaimed in September 1868. How he would have been gladdened by witnessing the establishment and success of Evangelical Schools, etc., and in the distribution of the Bible by THE COACH, and by colporteurs like-minded to *Julianillo*, as will be seen in some of the following communications, which begin the second part of this book.





LA SEO, CATHEDRAL OF SARAGOSSA.

"And I saw no temple therein."

REVELATION, XXI, 22.





# BIBLE WORK.

“I have given them thy Word.”

Jaen (Andalucía), 25 November 1878.

RESPECTED BRO. IN CHRIST,

In Andalucía we have not been allowed to sell from the Coach or at a stall, but from house to house, and even then with much difficulty. After crossing safely one of the high mountain-passes of the “Sierra Morena,” we were anxious to reach early a town called *Bailen*, as it was a feast-day, and we hoped on that account to have a good sale. Arrived there at ten in the morning and began to sell from the Bible-coach in the square, but had not been there more than 10 minutes, when a policeman came and said one of us must go to see the Mayor. I went, and the Mayor began to insult me; I dared not speak, for the policeman threatened me every time I attempted to do so. I was then sent back to the Coach, and just after I arrived, a man sent by the Mayor, accompanied by the Inspector of police and a policeman, came up and demanded 7 reals for the time the Coach had been standing in the square. We refused, but they compelled us to give the money. We then proposed going to an inn to get some food for ourselves and the horses; but they would not let us do so, and the Inspector with the policeman went with us a little way on our road. When we were at about ten minutes distance from the town, they made us get out of the Coach; they turned the books and everything into the road, and searched our pockets and clothes as if we were thieves. They would not let us say a word; they seemed like ravening wolves over their prey. After turning everything out and finding nothing, we put everything in again, and Antonio offered them each a Testament, which they would not accept. They had evidently intended to give us a beating, but God, who watches over us, gave us courage and prudence to bear their insults quietly.

We had no food all that day untill we arrived in the evening at a place near *Jaen*, having had to walk all the way, as the roads are in a very bad state, and there had been a great deal of rain. We now intend going on to *Málaga*.

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

ANTONIO MAURO.

Alcoy (Province of Alicante) April 23<sup>d</sup> 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The following is a little account of what took place at the fair here. I hired a stall in the market-place and arranged all my books ready for sale, placing three large texts inside where they could be seen by the passers-by. Many stopped to read them, much to the displeasure of the enemies of the Word, who tried by their remarks to cause me to say something for which they could accuse me and have the stall closed. The authorities themselves came in disguise to examine the books and to question me, in order to find, if possible, some pretext against me. I however said nothing, knowing that the Lord does not wish His servants to be hasty in speaking. They watched my words in vain. On the second day the Inspector of police came up about noon and asked for my licenses. I gave them to him, and after he had looked at them he asked me if I was aware that the sale of those books was prohibited. I said I did not know of any law to that effect, and besides I had my license. He said the license did not state *what* books I sold, and that he wondered that I, being a native of that place, should not know the sale was prohibited. He then ordered me to close the stall and follow him. I asked if I might wait till my wife came with my dinner. He said "Yes," but that I must immediately close and wait for another order.

As the order did not come I went to the town-hall and arrived there just as the authorities were leaving. They asked what I wanted, and I said,—“An answer.” They said I must leave off selling all the “*anti-Catholic books*.” I asked which they meant, but they would not tell me. I told them I must write to my employer. They then asked me if I was the same man who sold books there some time before. I said I was, and they informed me I ought to be put into prison. The Inspector pulled me by the sleeve and was on the point of striking me. At last I got back to the stall and opened it after telegraphing to you. I began to remove the Bibles, intending however to leave the other books. A great crowd gathered round, and the Inspector with the police came up and began to push and strike the people, and ordered me to gather up my books and leave. When I was ready, they sent for two men with a cart, and conveyed all the books by it to the town-hall. I followed and had to appear before the mayor, who asked me if I would take my books and leave the town. I said I could not do so, as I expected to settle there. This of course annoyed him and caused quite a discussion. One person present advised me to leave off selling “*those books*,” but I told him I would rather sell God’s Word than anything else.

You cannot imagine the state of this place. We have much persecution, but the Lord who can do all things, will defend His cause. Pray much that the Lord may give us strength for His work, and keep us firm at His Cross until He comes to take us to Himself.

ANTONIO MAURO.

Gracia, Barcelona, January 29<sup>th</sup> 1879.

TO THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

The Bible-coach has returned from its long tour of four months. The horses, after such a long journey, look much like Don Quixote’s “*Rocinante*,” and the poor brethren look just as seedy, glad to return to the bosom of their families. We prepared a cordial and spiritual reception, by making bold to announce publicly a Missionary Meeting, in which Francisco Olives and Antonio Mauro would give ac-



count of their late journey, aided by Messrs. Preví and Lund, lately arrived from Ferrol. I had good reason to know that the local authorities would put on the *ojo gordo*, or broad look, at this breaking in upon the frigid zones which the recent rules about public announcements have cast around the work of the Gospel in Spain. Our announcement took well, and we had a large meeting in the Hall in our house. We had had meetings for prayer every night for the previous fortnight, and these have been blessed in stirring up faith and zeal, so that many strangers came.

Mr. Preví, who had given a very touching account of his conversion by the Bible Flower Mission, while lying in a London Hospital, and his subsequent entrance into Mr. Guinness' Training Institute, began the meeting by giving details of the work in *Ferrol*. The usual amount of opposition, ignorance and evil designs of the priests awaited them on their entrance into domains which have long denied the Word. Mothers would snatch up their children, believing that the Protestants sucked out children's blood as a special meal, particularly as no one would sell or give them their needful food. In the town of *Mogardos* they hired a house, and about four days after the house was set on fire by some one. "Look, look!" said a priest, "what a miracle from God!—a spark has fallen from heaven. Some fishermen saw it fall last night while fishing at midnight. See what a miracle: not one of the surrounding houses has caught fire!" The previous Sunday he had told the people about a fire which had fallen upon a Protestant temple in Italy from the Virgin's own hand. The poor man who owned the house, though his loss was great, offered them another, so that the preaching might be continued; but while going to shew the house, his wife took the key out of his pocket, and they were not able to see it.

Francisco then followed with a very interesting and minute description of the reception of the Bible-coach in the interior of Spain. In *Almella*, a fishing-village, one of the first stopping-places going out of Barcelona, they always get a hearty welcome. Although the inhabitants are miserably poor, yet they have almost in every home copies of the Word, which they have purchased from the Coach, and they listen now with great attention to any one who can open the Scriptures to them. They entered into one place called *Marranchon* (Castile) on a feast-day and sold some books; although getting towards evening, as they did not like the look of the people, they continued their journey. Some time after they had been on the road, two men on horse-back rode after them, and overtaking them, asked to see their books and invited them back to the village, but they declined the invitation. Presently they saw four men running on the road. One of the horse-men then rode his horse right in front of the Coach, to hinder any further movement onwards. The men were fast gaining on the Coach, and the brethren soon saw that their intentions were evil, so they lifted up their hearts in prayer to God. Just then the horse in front became restive and backed, which the coachman observing took advantage of and gave whip and reins to our horses; although tired and heavily loaded, having some good blood in them they soon distanced their pursuers. In *Santa Bárbara* the Rector held a public discussion with the brethren; finding however they knew the Scriptures better than he did, he got up into his balcony and called upon the people to stone them, but the people were good enough not to do so. In several places the Bible had been heard of, but never seen. In one such place some men were in a cabin sharpening their agricultural implements, as it was raining. The brethren showed the books, and a lad was sent to find the head-man; but there was no money amongst them. At last a woman agreed to go and sell some wheat she had, and the Testament was paid for, much to their mutual joy. In another

place where the Coach could not go, our friends took their knapsacks and visited the village; but every one was away in the vineyards, except one woman. They returned to the inn where the Coach was, thinking as they entered, that their visit had been in vain. Just then two men came up to them, wishing to buy two Bibles and two Testaments. When the villagers heard that the Biblemen had been in the village, they sent these two men after them in all haste, to see if they could not purchase the book they had often heard of, but never seen. In *Cherta* the inn was filled with women: "And"—said the speaker—"it gave us great joy to know, that they did not come out of curiosity, but many of them now know the value of the Word."

"That is true," (*"Bien es la verdad"*) said a voice from the congregation: "that is my native town." The words came from a man who has been an attentive hearer here for three months, also an attendant at the Sunday School, blind Garcia being his teacher. I believe that several of his family at *Cherta* have been blessed by the Scriptures sold there.

The other day we had a visit from four peasants who came from those parts, having walked twelve days to come here. In their village about forty meet to read the Scriptures; they greatly desire a minister to come among them. Their head-man had lately departed, and without doubt in the true faith of Christ. He appears to have been a great light in the place. The present head-man, who is singularly taught in the Scriptures, said he had met with a minister who offered to "civilize" him for two or three months, so that he might be better able to serve the work: "but," said the man, "I replied—'A prophet is not without honour,'" etc., and I should like to see some one better taught than myself." I have seldom met with such simple faith and clearer knowledge of the doctrines of the Word, than these men presented. I was sorry I could promise no help, but their little stay here, I have no doubt, will encourage them to continue to expect an answer to their Macedonian cry. God will let none of His words fall to the ground.

I wrote you in my last letter that I had advised Mariano Aznar to go to live at *Figueras*, a place I have long prayed for. When the Bible-coach was first sent out, (1870) many stirring scenes, such as Bible-burnings, riots, assaults, etc., took place there and in the adjacent towns. I give the following translation from a public newspaper:—"In New Street, Figueras, a Bible-Depôt has just been opened, containing an excellent assortment of Bibles and other Evangelical books, and soon, we hear, a Protestant school is to be opened. Another step in advance." Mariano writes me that after having obtained permission from the Sub-Governor (who happens to be a friend of ours,) he also obtained permission to teach children to read and write, and to hold meetings in the Depôt. He had twenty-five hearers last Sunday. Our friends Preví and Lund have now agreed to reside at *Figueras*; to-day the Bible-coach will accompany them on their way, and no doubt God will greatly bless this fresh opening in that town and district, where, as yet, the living voice has not been heard.

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Gracia, Barcelona, March 4<sup>th</sup> 1879.

To MR. W. HAWKE,

My beloved Brother: Just now I have a quiet moment and send you a little history of the distribution of the first lot of newly-printed Gospels.

You will remember with pleasure how from earliest days Bessy and Hetty have known the Scriptures, and with what love and zeal they used to distribute them



at Havre, Marseilles, several years in Madrid, all over Catalonia, and in this large city. I remember that it is now just nine years ago since Bessy accompanied me on the first Bible-coach tour to the town of *Figuera*s, where we had such a large distribution and sale of the Word; since then, how eagerly has it been received in that place each time we have visited it! I have always felt that rich results must follow. About three months ago I advised one of the brethren, who is with me as one of the Scotch National Bible Society's colporteurs, to settle in that place and begin some work for the Lord. The first thing he did was to get a small shop for the sale of the Scriptures; the next was to open a night and Sunday school. Just then brethren Preví and Lund came down from the North, seeking some warmer place for their work. I pressed upon them *Figuera*s, whither they have gone. From to-day's paper of that town I translate the following:—"In the Evangelical School established in New Street, the attendance of the people is so great on meeting-days, that, although the room is so large, many who wish to hear and learn the true doctrines preached by Christ Jesus, the Crucified, cannot find room inside." I have a letter also offering me the use of a large theatre, if I will go over during the month of May when the Jesuits hold their mission-services. I hope to go. The brethren have now a capital day and night-school. This is one of many towns where we shall see the name of our Lord Jesus Christ honoured through the circulation of His Word.

Last Sunday week *little Georgie*, who knows the Lord and delights to go out with his younger sisters to distribute to passers-by as they come up the mountains, saw an aged man sitting in a lonely pass, and went up and offered him a Gospel. *Georgie* was delighted to find him reading a large-type New Testament, and to hear from him that a little time ago some one gave him a Gospel, and this had opened his eyes to see the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, the only Saviour for sinners. He said,—“I never rested until I bought a Testament. One day, passing in the *Plaza de Cataluña* (Barcelona), I heard a blind man reading, and finding the words were the same as in my “*San Juan*” (St. John), I bought from him this whole New Testament, which is now my only pleasure, and I am hoping to find some one who will tell me more about it.” You may be sure how pleased the boy was, and the old man too, to find themselves in that lone spot speaking about The Book.

Ash-Wednesday is a great day here—*El entierro de la Sardina*, or “the burial of the Sprat.” It is the great feast-day before the Lent fasts, and the last day of Carnival. The people come up by thousands to picnic on the hills. Mrs. L., family, and friends—a little army—sallied out with Gospels and tracts. The blind man stationed himself to read in one of the leading passes, and the rest stationed themselves at different points on the hills. It was a cheering sight to see groups coming down in the evening with books carefully kept, and many reading aloud,—“The Blood that cleanseth from all sin.” One gentleman came back to Hetty and said,—“I want the book that speaks about ‘*the blood*.’” I did not see half a dozen books torn up, out of the thousands given away. But of course, the enemy was not pleased, and towards evening gave us a specimen of what he would do if he could. Towards even Bro. Pundsack and myself went up to a part where two young brethren were distributing. In the middle of four cross-ways I noticed a group of men, among them a “*sereno*” or night-police, a day one, and three other men. I was about saluting one of them whom I thought I knew. When just in front of him, he tore up a book in my face, and on my remonstrating with him, he got awfully angry. The “*sereno*” had got a large number of books from one of the young men, I suppose under pretence of helping to distribute; then a second man out of the group came up, and took them out of his hand and began tearing

them up. I protested they were my property, unlawfully acquired, when he drew his revolver from under his cloak. Then the "*sereno*" pointed his, and in an instant the first man of the group closed me in behind. What happened after I can scarcely tell, but I next saw one of our young friends being dragged by the hair of his head by the first man, and five or six men trying to make him loose his hair. I kept my eye on the second man as I expected another assault. After the people had separated the young man from the grasp of the first, I insisted, in the presence of "*sereno*" and policeman, upon knowing who my antagonists were. The third man of the group then drew his pistol and then his little staff (an ensign of his office of *sub-alcalde*), and then I stuck to the other two, until I got out of them who they were: these also proved to be "*sub-alcaldes*." Seeing themselves in a fix, they made a charge against the young man for striking one of them, and he was taken before the judge, where he confessed he had given the first man two raps on the head with a small stick, because my life was in danger. The judge asked the *alcalde* why he did not shew his staff before he used firearms and needless force. He vacilated, but could not deny he had done so. So he lost his charge on the grave matter, and grave it would have been if he had the least shadow of excuse. Our young friend, as a correction for his conduct, was asked to shew himself to the mayor for 5 days, which he endeavoured to do, but the mayor was always absent at the appointed hour. These brutal men are both known Carlists; one of them was denounced a few months ago in the daily press for having dragged a boy through the street by a cord round his neck, and the other has his house always frequented by priests, and is a well-known persecutor of children and parents who attend the schools. Another gracious deliverance, and the enemy discomfited! Since then the people in these parts seem more anxious to receive The Book.

Barcelona, May 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

On the 12th April I left Barcelona, with my patient, long-eared companion, and tried first to sell at *San Sadurn*, a liberal town, where many remembered me from a former visit. The next town I visited with the Bible-cart was on the Mediterranean coast, where there are likewise many infidels. Passing through the streets, I sold a few New Testaments to some women; and wishing to know if they understood what they were buying, I told them that the priests dislike the books. Their answer was,—“But *we* like them, and do not care for the opinion of the priests.” An old man, having bought a half-penny gospel, was told by a carpenter who was standing near, and wished to manifest his sceptical tendencies, that the book he bought speaks against the Roman Catholic Church. But the former declared he would not give it up for a peseta (tenpence), and wished that the Church would follow its doctrines.

At a village called *Calafell*, the scriptures I offered for sale gave occasion to a dispute between a painter, who defended them with great vigour, and another person who seemed to be a fanatic, as he advised the bystanders to burn my books, cart and all. The excitement was so great that I had to leave without being able to sell.

I then went on to *Valls*, a little manufacturing town, and sold to the soldiers in the barracks, and then in a coffee-house, where I had a discussion with some infidels. They said that Rome had, by deceiving them, formulated their sceptic





VALLEY IN THE PYRENEES.





creeds. The next day, returning to the same coffee-house, the *alcalde*, who I am told is a great friend of the priests, was already there waiting for me. After having ascertained that I was the man he wanted, he informed me of his official character, and asked me to accompany him to the Town-hall. There he examined my papers and hawker's license, and then my books were taken from me, and a civil guard was ordered to put me into prison. For ten minutes (I took the time on entering and leaving) I remained locked up with ten fellow prisoners. After being released and brought back to the Town-hall, the *alcalde*, with an excited voice, told me he could not permit my selling in the streets of the town. I told him I would not desist from doing so as long as the sale of the pure Word of God is tolerated in the *ramblas* and *plazas* of Barcelona, which are more public than the streets of *Valls*. I left him, and continued the sale from door to door unmolested. Lately, the "Jesuit Mission" has been at *Valls* and furious sermons have been preached against the heretics, so that, a few days later, a bookseller's agent who was passing along the streets delivering his books at the doors, was pretty well pelted with stones by some women, who took him for a Protestant colporteur.

JUAN TOR.

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Figueras (Province of Gerona), July 7<sup>th</sup>. 1879.

RESPECTED BRO. IN CHRIST, :

I told you in my last that as soon as possible I would write you the particulars about our journey in the Province of Gerona. To-day is a day of rest and I take up the pen to give you the latest news. In *La Bisbal*, being fair-day, we drove the Coach into the middle of the square and all the morning had an uninterrupted sale, until the *alguacil* (see Matthew, v, 25, "the officer") represented to the mayor that we were Protestant "propagandistas." We were presently sent for, and were told that if we did not announce our books *viva voce*, we might continue our sale. But the *alguacil*, being determined by every means to hinder the sale, demanded that our licenses should be examined by the town-clerk, and when he saw that the town-clerk and judge cleared our papers and authorised our sales, he went away crest-fallen, and we returned to the Coach and continued our work. And now I hope that what I am about to relate will call your special attention, for I am sure the Lord is working wonderfully in men's hearts in this land, not only in *single* cases, but even whole districts are awakened to hear and feel the good news of the "Redeemer." Such is the condition of *Figueras* and the surrounding mountain-villages of the Pyrenees, where of late we have laboured in the blessed work. In the beginning of the past week we came to a town called *Perelada*, a truly rustic place, where we sold some Gospels and Testaments. The women listened with much attention, as we announced to them Jesus slain and glorified. God will take care of the seed sown there.

We went from thence to *Rosas*, and notwithstanding that it is a most priest-ridden place, many came to purchase and hear the Word of God. On the third of the month we left the Coach and visited *San Clemente*, a town in the Pyrenees. As we could go no further up the mountains with the Coach, we took up our "carriages," knapsacks full of books, and as soon as we announced the sale many women came round us. Very soon the mayor, hearing who we were, came and asked us to hold a meeting for the people, and offered us the village ball-room for the Lord's day. We accepted his offer and promised to return. After the sale we went to another place called *Cabanas*, where we were well received and had a fair sale.

We returned to *Figuera*s, and next day went to *La Junquera*, and from thence to a village up in the mountains called *Gallanas*. The people treated us well and asked if we could hold a meeting. We sold them all our Testaments and Gospels, and returned at night to *La Junquera* to get more books from the Coach. Bro. Tor and myself then went up to a town in the Pyrenees called *Cantallops*. The people were very timid at first, but after some hours conversation, although very poor, they bought a goodly number of Scriptures. We slept there that night and they shewed us much kindness. The following day we came down the mountains, and passed through a village called *Campany* where we sold two Bibles.

According to our promise we now went again to *San Clemente*. We set out at four o'clock in the morning, and the Bible-coach took us as far as it could ascend the Pyrenee mountains. On our arrival we went through the streets as a kind of announcement that we had come, and were taken to a large "sala" which was soon filled. The people seemed moved as we announced to them the love of God to the world, and asked if I would address them in their own dialect (Catalan). The mayor asked when we would come and hold another meeting. We left them all the Scriptures we had, and went on the next day to another village, where the mayor, after hearing of our mission, offered us the *plaza* or square, where we put the Coach, and the whole of the population came to hear the word of God. We had indeed a good time among them, and many purchased the Scriptures.

There are other towns where we know we shall have a good reception. In many places they beg us to send them a schoolmaster.

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

JUAN TOR.

Gracia, Barcelona, Septbr. 8<sup>th</sup> 1879.

A few days ago we went with the Bible-coach to a popular feast which was held in the town of Granollers. From a stand in the public square we offered the Scriptures to the people who soon gathered round us. After having proceeded with the sale for two hours, a sergeant of the civil guards came to us and told us that he had had an order from the mayor to remove our stand. We told him that we could not obey the order as we were provided with a license for the *public* sale of our books as well as other necessary papers. He then asked me to accompany him to the mayor, which I did. The mayor repeated the order, at the same time refusing to examine the license, etc., which I offered him. He told me that he could, under no circumstances whatever, permit the sale of protestant books in Granollers, unless we had a proper book-shop. I protested that our hawker's license gave us the right to sell "all sorts of books new and old," and besides that we had a printed copy of a letter from the Minister of State in Madrid, to the British Ambassador, which granted us that liberty. Notwithstanding all this, the mayor still persisted in having our stand removed; I reminded him of the right we had to keep it there and told him he could do as he liked with us, our books, Bible-coach and horses. A gentleman who was sitting next to the mayor (this intervew took place in one of the large public dancing-saloons,) said, "that if we had come there two years ago for the same purpose, he would have ordered us to have been kicked out of the town, and he hoped that within a year's time they would be able to do so again."

When I saw that the mayor did not take any violent measures against us, I returned to the square where our sale continued as before. Many more came to buy the Scriptures and portions of the same, which is always the case when there



is any resistance shewn on the part of the authorities. Soon however an "*alguacil*" (bailiff) appeared and told us again that the sale of "those Protestant books" was prohibited, and that the table was to be removed at once. I replied that the mayor already knew that I was determined to continue the sale and not to remove the table, as I had a legal license and an order from the Government at Madrid. In reply to this he said, "The mayor is king in Granollers." During this discussion a large crowd had gathered around us, and everyone took our part against the *alguacil*. One gentleman read our licenses aloud to the people, and declared that the authorities had no power to prevent our selling. At last the *alguacil* was obliged to retire from the scene of action, having refused to take away our table himself, as we proposed he should do.

We were again left unmolested for a quarter of an hour, and the people were so anxious to buy our books, that we could not deal them out quickly enough. Soon we saw the *alguacil* coming again, accompanied by a member of the town-council and other authorities. After a little discussion, which ended like the others, they also went away without having obtained their desire.

Next the *alguacil* came with two night-watchmen and asked us to follow him to the town-hall, where the mayor and town-councillors were waiting, prepared to take part in a religious procession. I was again asked if I would remove the stall, and when I answered in the negative, the mayor ordered us to be taken to prison. No sooner had the prison-doors closed upon us, than all the bells in the town began to ring.

They were not altogether unmindful of our needs, for they gave us fourpence halfpenny with which to buy provisions from the jailer. After the procession was over, the mayor again came to see us, and excused his conduct by saying that our stand had stopped up the thoroughfares; I answered that such was not the case. He then said that we ought to have asked his permission. I told him that the other vendors, owners of gambling-tables, etc., had not done so, whereupon he said that it was not necessary for them to do so, as they were residents of that town. When I told the mayor that I was personally acquainted with several, who had come from Barcelona, he could say nothing and offered to set us at liberty if we would promise not to sell any more in *public*. We told him we could make no such promise, as it was for that very purpose that we had come there, and as long as we had liberty we would sell. The mayor next tried to frighten us by telling us that within twenty-four hours we should have to appear before the judge. When he saw that this threat had no effect upon us, he left us, and the jailer, to see what we would do, left the door open for a while. Of course we would not leave the prison by stealth, and we spent the night in our cell with three other men, one of whom was accused of murder.

The next morning, I telegraphed Mr. Lawrence to inform him of what had happened; I also sent word to the German Consul General in Barcelona.

The jailer told us he had orders to let us go if we would promise to leave the town that day. I told him we had only intended staying there for the two days of the feast. We were then set at liberty and continued to sell the Scriptures in the coffee-houses. In the afternoon Mr. Lawrence arrived, accompanied by two influential Spanish gentlemen. They went to see the judge and mayor, about the affair. The mayor excused his conduct by saying that he had himself been in a fix, because the parish-priest had sent to him twice to say that "*the procession would leave the church only on condition that the mayor would have the table with Protestant books removed from the square!*"

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

J. C. PUNDSACK.



Gerona, April 24<sup>th</sup> 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I send you a little account of the sales in the province of Barcelona and in the Ampurdan district. Though the weather has been wet ever since we started, we have sold a good deal. In *Blanes* being a feast-day, we took the Coach into the square and were presently surrounded by men and women who eagerly bought Gospels and Testaments, some of the women saying, "These books ought to be read by everyone." An enraged Carlist came up and tried to stop the sale, but the discussion which ensued between us, only tended to enlighten the people and caused them to buy more scriptures.

At *Vidrieras* I sold from house to house. At one house a women asked me



Alicante.

if I would come in, for her husband wished to see me. I did so and was shewn into a room where her husband lay in bed very ill. His wife helped him to sit up, and then he began to enquire about the books, and asked me questions on different portions he had read. He said that the priests say the gospels are wicked, because they have printed on their covers: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," etc. I then explained to him salvation by grace, and not by works, and he listened very attentively. I hope the Lord will enlighten his soul and save him and his wife, who also listened with much interest. In a good number of these villages the Gospel is eagerly received.

In company with our brethren of Figueras we went to *Castellon de Ampu-*



rias, and though it is a Carlist place we were well received, sold some books, and our words pleased the people very much. Some of the women said, "The Protestants are good and believe the truth," and they asked us to go often and speak to them of the Lord. Yesterday I went to a fair in a small village. I sold a good deal and had many discussions and conversations; but everybody praised the Bible, and spoke of it as needed for instruction in the ways of God.

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

Tarragona, May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1879.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am writing to tell you of the misfortune we have had with the horse. As its foot was bad, the farrier advised me not to let it work the Coach, as it might



Ruins at Tarragona.

do it much harm. I wrote to ask you if we should bring the Coach by train, but as I found there was no convenience for doing so at *Borjas*, I determined to hire another horse and send the Coach on to Tarragona, and then follow with our horse by train.

This morning the guard and I started with the horse in the guard's van. It kicked a little at first, but presently became quiet, though soon it got so wild that we could hardly manage it, and were beginning to fear for our lives. At last we contrived to fasten it to a bar, but it was of no use, and after a time, when



we were passing through a tunnel, it seemed quite mad. I do not know how we were not killed. I am sure we should have been, if the Lord had not been merciful to us. It kicked the doors open and would have rushed out, but it kicked the floor through into four holes under its feet, and was hanging through. I thought it was dead, as it did not move, and I felt greatly upset. At last we reached a station, and it took eight men to get it up. When they had done so, it went out of the van alone and we then found it had bruised its feet badly and cut part of its head open. We have left it at an inn near the station, and the owner says he will attend to it until the coachman can go for it. The surgeon says that its head will soon be well.

Please send me some money immediately.

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

Alcoy, (Province of Alicante,) June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Since I last wrote I have been to Játiva, Engera, Anna, Navarés and Alcira. In most of these places I found great ignorance, as very few persons could read or write. At *Játiva* I met with a little opposition. Some of the people, instigated by the priests, who promised many indulgences to those who burnt the books, came and tried to make a row. Others however opposed them, and after some time everything was quiet, and I was able to go on with the sale. The authorities did not interfere with me in the least. In *Engera* the priests preached against me and incited the children to come and pelt me with stones, but I kept inside for a time, until, tired of waiting for me, they ran away. The authorities did not molest me, and the mayor sent a boy to buy a gospel. In *Navarés* I sold nothing, for besides being an out of the way little place, the men are all labourers and consequently are away at work during the day.

When I arrived at *Anna*, I began to sell from house to house. Some men in a coffee-house bought two Bibles and some books, but after they had bought them they heard they were bad books, and seemed sorry they had done so. After a little talk I convinced them that they were good. The mayor's secretary sent for me and bought a "Pilgrim's Progress" and a few copies of "The Religion of Money." He said he had a Bible, and told me I should not sell much in these parts, as the priests have great control over the people. At night I read to some women out of one of the gospels, and had a little meeting with them. When I was in the inn, a man staying there came and bought a few books, as he said, to give away. I had heard he was a wicked man and a strong Carlist, and something in his manner made me feel uncomfortable. While I was reading with the women, he came in with another man, but they went away presently. After a time they came in again and began to speak together in an under-tone. I felt uneasy, as I was alone with the exception of a very old woman. Presently they went out and about 11 p. m. came in again, the worse for drink, and told me some parts of the gospel they had read were bad. I asked what chapter they meant, and they said the ninth of Luke. I read the chapter through to them, and as they rose to leave the room I spoke to them of the love of Christ. I was very thankful to God for preserving me thus from their evil intentions. This is a very dangerous part of the country, and I need your prayers.

ANTONIO MAURO.



Gerona, October 30<sup>th</sup> 1879.

Almost as soon as I had placed the books ready for sale on the stall I had taken in the fair, the *alcalde*, Don José Mollera, came up to me and commanded me to retire. As he had no sign with him to prove that he was an *alcalde*, I did not deem it necessary to obey. However, within a short time he again appeared with his *vara* to certify his authority, but I appealed to the Governor. When the *alcalde* saw that I made no preparations to leave, he disarranged all the books on the table with his own hands, made a heap of them, and put a policeman to see that I sold none, whilst he himself went to the Governor's. I also went to see the Governor, but he would not have an interview with me, and told me to go to the *alcalde*. Although I showed the licenses and other necessary papers, it was all to no effect, and I was obliged to retire.

Such is the conduct of the authorities and what has taken place here. The Governor closes his eyes even to the orders of the British Ambassador in Madrid.

FRANCISCO OLIVES.

Elda (Province of Alicante,) December 15<sup>th</sup> 1879.

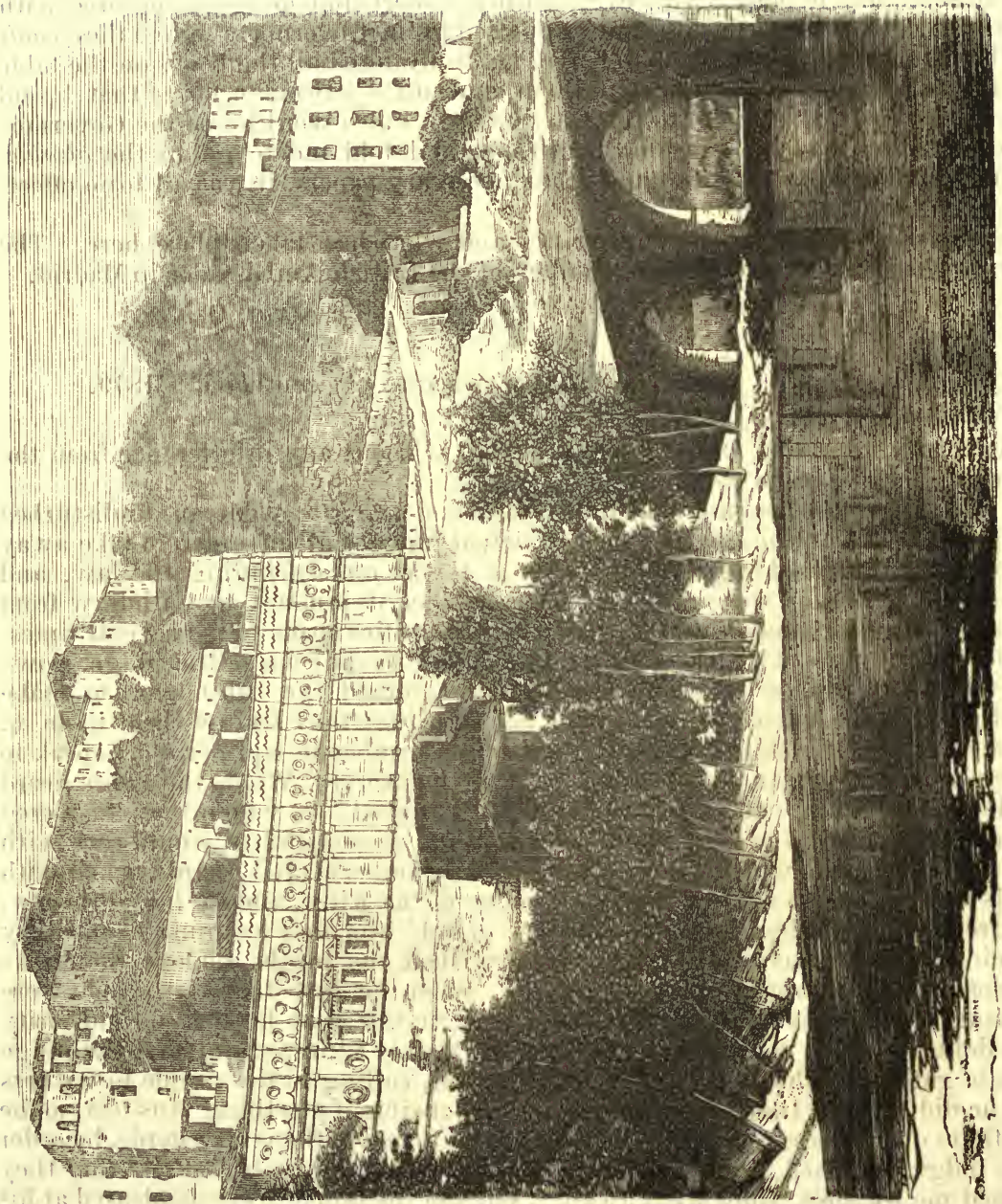
MY DEAR BROTHER,

After leaving *Elche*, where I sold in a stall without any interference from the authorities, I came on to *Elda*.

I laid out my books on a stall in the fair, and the sale went on undisturbed until the last day but one, when the municipal judge sent an order to take away my books. I answered him verbally, that as I was not infringing the law, and as I held a license for the sale, I did not consider it prudent to withdraw from the stall. The chief mayor and all the local authorities spoke to me several times, but did not interfere with the sale, and seemed to favour me. The judge, however, who is a great fanatic and very proud, ordered the sub-mayor to make me retire, but the principal authorities told him that they had no right to do so, whereas I was not breaking the law and had no signboards up, nor did I speak to the people, and they did not wish to compromise themselves. When the judge heard this, he told the authorities that he would do it himself, to which they answered that he was free to do so if he liked, but that the responsibility would rest with him. He then came with two policemen, and a number of civil guards armed with swords and revolvers, and told me in the name of the King, and by his authority, to retire and close the stall immediately. I told him that he must excuse my not doing as he commanded, but that if he wished, he might remove the books and close the stall himself. After a time, when he saw that the people were crowding round, censuring his behaviour and saying that he had no authority for so doing, he sent one of the police into the stall. I jumped out, and the judge began to gather up the books and closed the stall, calling to the people to witness what he did, saying that he would not be responsible if anything was lost, as he gave them over into my hands. As I was about to leave, the civil guards, by order of the judge, detained me, but when I called to the people to witness that they detained me by force, they went away. Many of the people were displeased at his act, and the local authorities said that I ought to seek means of redress. After this the local authorities came to me for the money for the hire of the stall, and said that all the expenses I had been put to, ought to be paid by those who had committed the fault;—that means to say, they would like a good lesson taught to the judge.

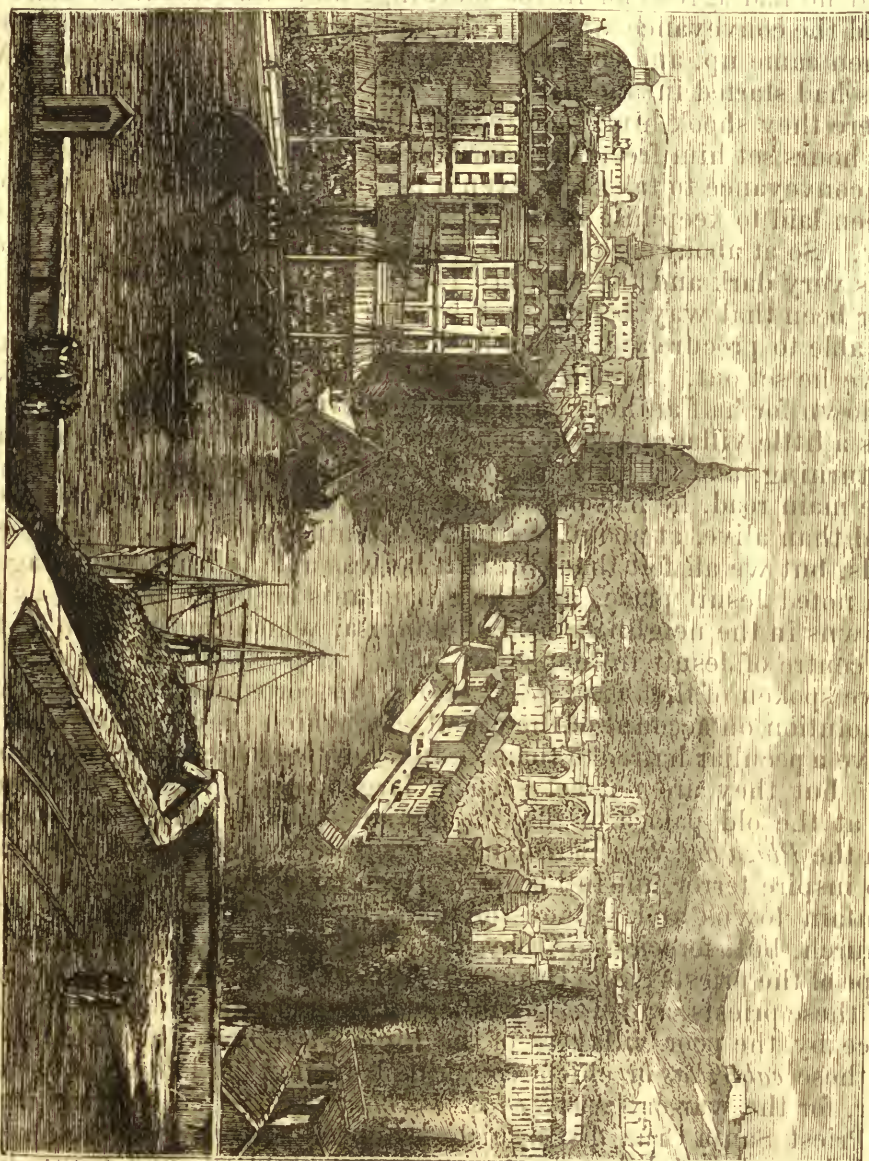
ANTONIO MAURO.





Ignatius of Loyola's cave at Manresa. (See page 9.)





**Bilbao.**



Some time ago my father and Mr. P. went with two other friends to sell Bibles, etc., at a little village about 14 miles off. During the day they had a pretty good sale and not much opposition, except from one of the *mozos de escuadra* (or village police) in the square, who tried to prevent them from selling. In the evening they prepared to start for home. As it was a feast-day the coaches were very full, and they had to separate and find seats in different coaches. My father took a seat he had agreed for in the morning, and was about to start when the driver said the conveyance was too full, and ordered him out. Some *mozos de escuadra* then came up, and conducted him to the *calabozo* or lock-up. (Mr. P. and the others had started in another coach, and knew nothing of what was going on.) There they shook him, insulted and threatened him with a thick stick, and after two hours set him free, but every coach had left, and he tried in vain to get some conveyance to take him even a part of the way home. A plot had evidently been laid to keep him in the village all night, with what intention we do not know. So at about eight o'clock p. m. he determined to walk home. The night was very dark and the road lay 14 miles over rocky mountains. My father had never been that way before, and besides felt very ill and weak; as he had not been able to procure any proper food all day in the village, but asking strength from above he set out. Sometimes he had to crawl on his hands and knees, and then lie down for half an hour, unable to go any further. He knew that half way there was a little village, and he hoped to reach it about midnight, but he took a wrong turning, and fell part way down a steep embankment. When he at last found the main road, he had passed the village, so had to keep on, and arrived here, more dead than alive, at about two in the morning. He was very ill for some days afterwards, but we all felt thankful that he was able to leave the village in safety, for it is a noted Jesuit place, and the inhabitants are very bigoted, as in fact are all the towns in the neighbourhood of Manresa, which continues to be the stronghold and centre of Jesuit influence.

I have spoken of the *mozos de escuadra*; this corps was suppressed at the time of the revolution on account of the cruelty for which they were famed. The Catalans have a peculiar hatred to them. Just now they are brought back by the "restoration," but they are not yet seen in large cities. I saw one some time ago standing at the old palace of the Inquisition—part of which is used as a guard-room—in the *Plaza del Rey*, Barcelona. Their dress and general appearance is intended to inspire terror, and full scope is given for their Nimrod propensities among the mountain towns and villages of the Pyrenees. They are most faithful allies of the Church, but, ferocious as they look, they are innocence compared with men of the type of the priests Santa Cruz and Father Caixal, the bishop of Urgel. The names of these priests, and of many others of their stamp, will be held in perpetual abhorrence by the poor villagers of the higher Pyrenees, through the unheard-of cruelties these *cabecillas* or chiefs committed during the late civil, or rather, religious war, for the war-cry was "*Dios, Patria, Rey!*"—God, Country and King!

The Priest Santa Cruz distinguished himself above his fellow-priests for the cold-blooded murder of defenceless women and children, and many homes now mourn the loss of fathers, brothers and sons, who were the victims of his wrath. Father Caixal was high priest and leader of the Carlist troops in Urgel, and when the city was besieged and taken, he was seen to throw down his breech-loader and go out with uplifted hands to bless his conquerors, who conducted "his eminence" as prisoner of war to Barcelona, and from thence to the castle of Alicante, where he remained until, having been pardoned by the Government, he went to Rome, where he died in 1879, and his body was taken again to Spain. A friend writes the





FATHER CAIXIAI.



FATHER CAIXAL.





THE PRIEST SANTA CRUZ



THE FIRST SANTA CRUZ



following about his funeral:—"The remains of the bishop Caixal were brought over the Spanish frontier. Some persons happened to see a large quadrangular parcel, which seemed to be a piano or some other piece of furniture, covered with sacking and sealed in several places with the words "République Française." Who *was* to have told them that this was the coffin of the terrible bishop of Urgel? The only follower who accompanied this strange parcel was a priest. It was deposited in the garden of a friend. From the neighbourhood of Puigcerdá it was taken in a waggon drawn by oxen to Bellver, and from thence we do not know how it reached its final destination. It seems that great precautions were used that the contents of the parcel might not be known by the inhabitants of Puigcerdá, for fear of an assault. Not a taper, not a cross, not one religious sign accompanied the corpse of the deceased bishop. His own party denied him what even the law does not deny to those condemned to death for common offences. What was the reason of such proceedings? Only one—conscience, which always speaks, though men may be silent."

The surrender of the fort of Urgel was the end of this ultra-catholic war, but the following quotation from a letter written by my father at its conclusion, is yet significant as forshadowing the present, and what *may* be in the future:—

"Peace has been proclaimed—peace long desired by the nation, and long prayed for by us, who desire the peace and prosperity, present and eternal, of this nation. To-day the whole nation is rejoicing, but with trembling. We have seen many manifestations of the nation's joy, but to-day there is withal a reserve—a sullenness—a manifest fear, lest hopes and expectations should again be defrauded, and sad scenes of war and bloodshed should be again repeated. Why? Because there is a manifest fear lest the liberty of conscience and private judgment should again be subjected to the will and censure of a religious system. Spain begins to feel her miserable condition as blind and as being led by the blind. There is a general cry of helplessness. The speeches of the best and the worst men show it; the press echoes it; hourly conferences with all classes of the people confirm it. Just as Greece of old, when her power and philosophy were vanishing and evaporating before the iron will of Rome, there was a cry from Macedonia, 'Come over and help us;' so now, never did a nation call more loudly for the help that the Gospel alone can give than does poor Spain. The present *Cortes* (Congress) is endeavouring to mix the iron and the clay—'*liberalismo*' and '*absolutismo*'—but they cannot *unite*. The iron would again crucify the Lord of Glory, to gain its *self*-will, but it cannot. The cannon will again vomit forth the fire of hell. Abel's blood will again call forth vengeance until the cry of Calvary is heard in this land. To-day the wise legislator and the strong warrior are glorying in the wis-

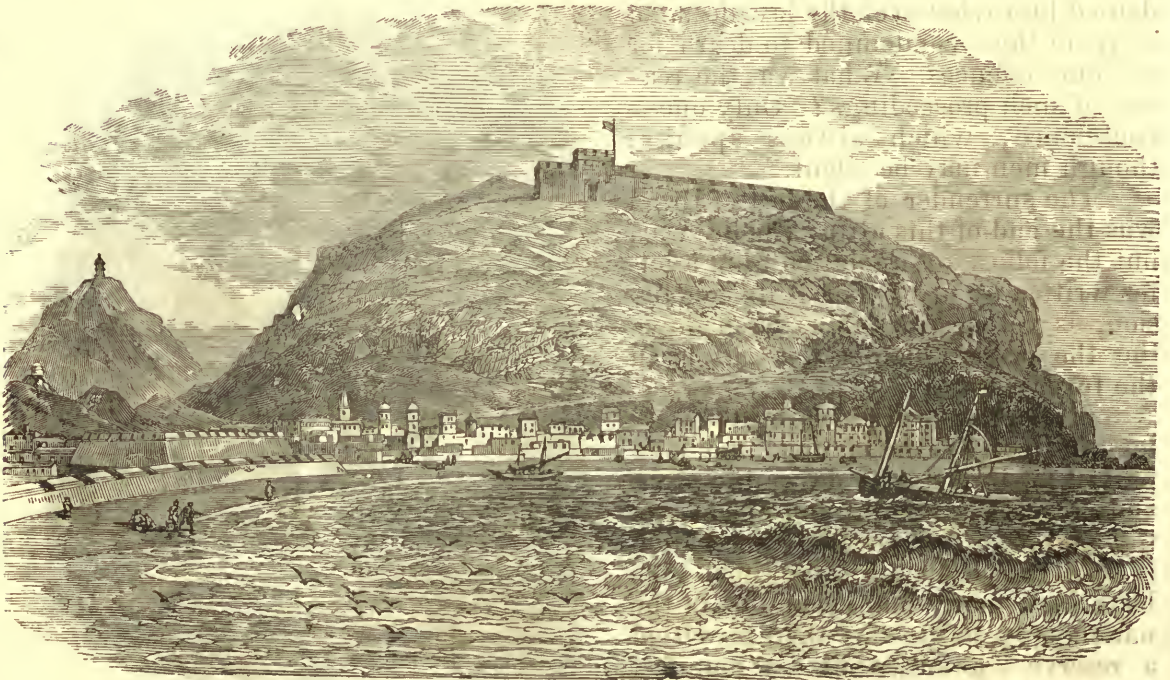


A 2. Pease Cart.



dom and power which has brought about peace. But we know the cause of her division and war. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light.' The myriads of sacred Scriptures that have been scattered have helped to contribute to the dissatisfaction—the doubt, the conflict with Rome.\* The continuance of the same work must end in faith and confirmation of the value of the Word of God, not only as the sword with two edges, but as the healing leaves from the tree of life."

The conduct of the priests in this war has made them and their religion more detestable than ever in the eyes of many in these mountains, and is without doubt the cause of the happy reception the brethren have met with in going among them with the Word of Life. In many places, which can only be reached by a sure-footed mule or donkey, the faithful brother Tor. who was born among these passes,



San Sebastian.

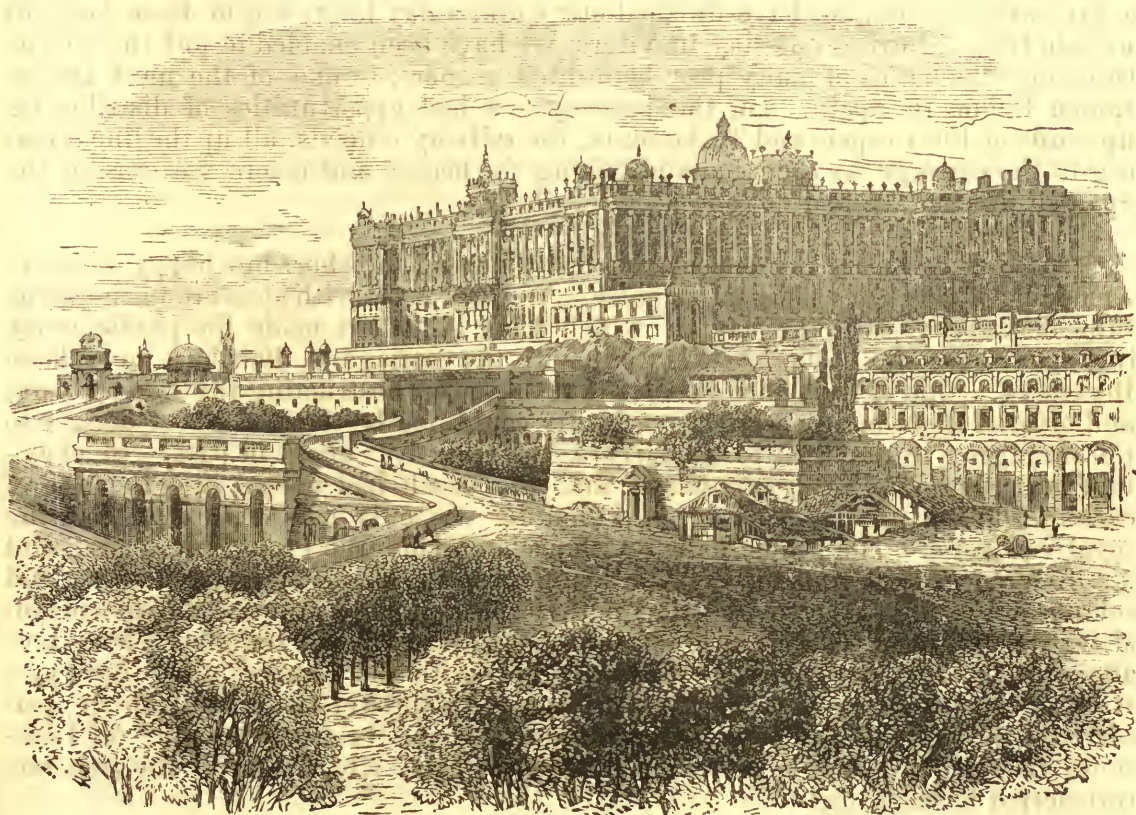
continues his work where the heights are covered with perpetual snow, and the bear and wolf dwell unmolested. We have been much interested in the account a young native farmer gives of his conversion through a Testament he had purchased in one of these out of the way farmsteads. When snowed in, he and two others would spend months in searching the Scriptures. He has lately come down here to seek work during the winter months, and great was his joy to find himself amongst some who could tell him the way of God more perfectly. He will shortly be baptised, and hopes to return in the spring to his mountain-home in the Valley of Aran, to tell to others the good things he has now discovered in the Word. No doubt there are many hidden jewels among these Spanish or rather Catalan

\* How significant are the words of a popular writer in a communication made at this very date (March, 10, 1880):—"Convents are being built on all sides; the Jesuit company reigns without a rival; the clergy are more omnipotent and threatening every day; and whenever an attempt should be made to cut their wings, civil war will again break out."



Pyrenees. What a blessing that the living Word has penetrated these strongholds of superstition!

While we are up in *these* parts of the wonderful Pyrenees, we may in thought take an "excursion" and pass over to the Basque ones. I was a wee-one when our party entered those provinces, but I have a special remembrance of that devoted man of God, "M. le Pasteur" Nogaret of Bayonne, who speaks the Basque language, and who has laboured so earnestly for many years to convey Basque gospels among the natives. At his house we met Matamoros, who had just arrived pale and haggard from the dungeons of Granada. I remember the ride in the diligence over the cold mountains to Bilbao, from whence we were driven out, at almost a moment's notice, by the priests, and went on to Logroño where we were wel-



Royal Palace of Madrid.

comed by Mr. P. Sewel. Fruit unto life eternal will yet spring up as the result of the seed sown in these Basque provinces.

What can I say about Vitoria and San Sebastian, as a link of the past with the present? What a wonderful witness to the value of the Sacred Scriptures has been for many years, and is still, Don F. de B. of San Sebastian! In the year 1865 my father wrote as follows:—"Dear brother B. wept much when we told him some circumstances of the departure of dear brother Usez in Madrid, who, as he said, was his only brother in Christ in Spain, in whom he had the confidence that he was a true follower of Jesus. He had known him for 21 years, and he had been a great blessing to his soul in encouraging him to persevere in testimony in the



dark and cloudy day of Spain's history. He told us of the *great number* of boxes of books and Scriptures from England, he had forwarded to Madrid for him; from which we conclude what a modest and zealous worker this brother must have been, and though he is departed, his works are rolling on (and increasing) after him, and his work and he will yet meet again."

I extract also from a note of Mr. W. Gould:—"God is working. The time will come when the Gospel will be preached; and our work now is, to bring the Scriptures into the land and distribute them. But I feel that our chief business is to keep and cultivate communion with Christ, in order that we may be ready to enter any door *He* may open, in the power of *His* might..... We left Vitoria on the 21st of November, Br. L. and family, and myself and wife. It was the right day as the police were on the watch, and the fowler had spread his net to entrap us: a day earlier would not have finished our work; a day later, might have brought us into trial. During our stay in Vitoria we have been enabled to put the Scriptures into the hands of many poor benighted sinners, in one of the most Priest-ridden towns in Spain. On the journey we had opportunities of distributing upwards of 100 Gospels and Testaments; the railway officials, all up the line, coming to the carriage we occupied and asking for books; and before we crossed the Spanish frontier we had not one book left."

Another dawning ray broke upon Spain during the short but happy reign of Amadeus, which gave us great promise. We look back with pleasure to the scene thus described:—"On the day in which King Amadeus made his public entry into Barcelona, Mr. Lawrence went out with the carriage to distribute gospels to the crowd. One of the police insisted that they were obstructing the thoroughfare, and ordered them to move on, though this could not be done without danger to the thronging bystanders, particularly as the King was about to pass. In obeying the order, Mr. Lawrence found that the coach had passed into the line of carriages following His Majesty, and that he was only a few paces behind the royal equipage. The people hailed with acclamations 'the Protestant coach,' and Mr. Lawrence, resuming his distribution of gospels, shopkeepers, spectators, and soldiers crowded to receive his gifts, as the Bible and the King passed in procession along the principal thoroughfare of the ancient capital of Catalonia. Two days afterwards, when Mr. Lawrence was returning with the carriage from his day's work of colportage, he met the King driving with three of his generals in an open carriage. Seeing His Majesty looked earnestly at the 'Protestant coach,' Mr. Lawrence handed into the royal carriage four gospels, which one of the generals transferred to the King."

### MORE TRIUMPHS OF THE WORD.

"A young officer in the army, hearing of the skill of the doctor in the hospital, was brought by a colporteur for treatment—evidently a case of consumption. In course of conversation with him, I was joyfully surprised to find that he was a most devoted Christian, having a clear knowledge of the way of salvation. Asking him how he came to the knowledge of Christ, he said, 'I came to know God about two years ago, through a Bible that was given me at Malaga; since then it has been my delight and salvation.' He said, 'There are six sergeants in my regiment who are Christians. Oh!' said he, 'if there were only two Christians in every regiment in Spain, there would be a wonderful work done in the army.' They have



seen the deceptions and wickednesses of the so-called servants of Christ, and the army is ripe for sowing the seed. I shall not forget the animation of this young gentleman's countenance. I doubt not he drinks of the fountain-head of that river whose 'streams make glad the city of God.'

"CASE II. A short time ago, in one of our meetings, a young Spaniard gave an account of his conversion to God. He said, 'I went some years ago to the city of New York. A gentleman there offered me a Bible. I refused it, as I had been taught to hate and shun every Protestant book; but he so pressed me to read a little of it and judge for myself that to please him I did so; and soon I began to see a beauty in the Word of which before I was ignorant.' He now actively works among his countrymen to bring them to the knowledge of Christ. This very afternoon six young Spaniards asked me if they might go out with the Bible-coach to the village where this young man lives, that they might help in the sale of the Word of God. To-morrow is Easter Monday (holiday), which you may suppose is a high day in Spain. I only wish there were half-a-dozen coaches employed on such occasions in the various suburbs, towns, and villages of this part of Spain.

"CASE III. Yesterday we had the pleasure of hearing a young civil engineer give, in one of our congregations, a beautiful and simple gospel address. He is a native of Cuba; has possessed the Scriptures, which were the means of making him wise unto salvation. From the loving and profound manner in which he spoke of the love of Christ and the clear way of salvation, he appears likely to be 'a polished shaft in the hand of Jehovah' to carry the truth to his fellow-countrymen.

"CASE IV. A rich old gentleman and his son came to our house in search of a large-type New Testament. He said, 'I have been all about the city searching for your shop, where Bibles were formerly sold. I went from street to street, till at last I was directed to your house. I possess the Bible, but the print is so small that I now wish for a large-type Testament. Perhaps the time is coming when you will not be allowed to sell this book.' I told him I thought there was no room for such a fear. He said, 'Well, I don't think we shall return to the times of the Inquisition, but I fear that the current of present things in my country will be to hold our class up to ridicule' (meaning the aristocracy). He was delighted with the beautiful print, and as I offered to pack it up for him he said, 'Ah! yes, then they won't know what I've got.' I think he was a little encouraged as he went round with me and saw the large printing establishment, and our machines in full play, Bible-coaches and hospitals, and some of the schools. He said he had no idea the work had so extended. I said to him, 'The half has not been told.'

"CASE V. To-day we have been to see a young man in an Asylum. He is a native of Monte Video, by profession a chemist, but he was sent to Spain to study at the University for a priest. While here he fell in with some of our friends, and sent me a challenge for a controversy. I was not then able to accept it, but one of our brethren did, and had several conversations with him and gave him a Bible. Some time ago he fell into a melancholy state, and at his own request went to the Asylum, paying £ 10 a month for his maintenance. He has continued to read the Bible with delight, and combats the priests of the establishment on every occasion. He is coming out of the Asylum, I hope, sitting at the feet of Jesus and in his right mind.

"CASE VI. A large-type Gospel was put into the hands of a young woman, in order that she might learn to read the *letter* of the Word; and, under the Spirit's teaching, she came to understand the *spirit* of it. One morning, walking in a



distant part of the city, I overtook her, and, wishing to know the exact state of her soul, I said, 'Do you really believe if you were to die to-night you would be saved?' She said, 'Yes, I do, because Jesus died for me.' I said, 'Don't you think



Peasants in the field.

your good works will save you?' She said, 'Once I did believe so, because I was taught so, but now I know differently.' I said, 'Yes, we are *poor* sinners indeed.' She replied, 'But the joy is that One has come to make us rich.'

"CASE VII. The other night an engineer, who was going the distance of 100



miles about some machinery, came to purchase a Bible for, as he said, a friend, to whom he had determined to take a Bible.

"CASE VIII. Here also is an interesting account of the value of 'The Word.' In a family there are two brothers, with their wives, who are Christians; but their father cursed one of them because of his faith, prohibiting him to visit his home. The other brother, fearing lest the same thing should happen to himself, went with his wife to confession. The priest said to him that he had heard that he



Peasants in holiday dress.

was a Protestant, like his brother, and that he had distributed religious tracts, 'Evangelical tracts,' of which, if he still had any, he said, he should give them to him, and likewise forbade him to entertain his brother, as his father had already commanded him, etc., etc. The young Christian answered the priest that the books were evangelical, and therefore he would not give them up, and that if the Catholic religion told him to hate his brother, it could not be a good one. 'Then if it is not good,' said the priest, 'follow the other. Do not you Protestants say that *only* God can forgive sins? So you may go and may He forgive you. I will



not absolve you.' He left the church without confessing, and went to tell his father what happened. The father praised the conduct of the priest and ordered his son to give him his Bible. The young man obeyed, giving the Bible to his father, who ran to deliver it to the village priest. To his surprise after a few days the priest gave the Bible to the father, saying, 'Tell your sons that they may read it.' The father kept it and now reads it, while his son has bought another and does the same."

While I am preparing this for the press, another deeply interesting letter has arrived, which shows that the Holy Scripture is still true to its purpose. The Word is doing its work, gathering souls for the Redeemer's crown from among the poor and simple peasants of Spain. And however one could wish the right man in the right place, we hope that no mystic liturgist or silver-slippered "*pastorcillo*" will find a nest or hole in many places like the one mentioned in the following:—

Alcira (Provincia de Valencia,) March 3<sup>d</sup> 1880.

RESPECTED BRO.

I do not think the Coach will do much in this province, as the poverty is very great through lack of rain. There are very heavy bridge and turnpike-gate tolls, which in many cases cost the Coach more than 5 shillings a day.

Last Sunday I was in *Alberique* and there met two or three brethren from *Navarés*. One of them went back to their village to tell that I had arrived. Several persons came the five hours walk from that place, and we had a nice little meeting. They all, both men and women, are anxious for some one to go and work amongst them, and they pray the Lord to send some one, for they say much good might be done. They have gone on alone for seven years meeting together. (See page 28.) They are all field-labourers and say they would share their food with any one who would go to teach them. The leaders amongst them are two men called Carlos and Salvador, who are known and loved by all around, and I am told they declare the truth wherever they go, and have spoken the Gospel to the village priest. The spiritualists in *Alberique* have tried to win them over, but they say they do not believe in their teachings, and have promised me not to go to see them.—A. MAURO.

"A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It *gives*—but *borrow*s none."

"WE HAVE ALSO A MORE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY; WHEREUNTO YE DO WELL THAT YE TAKE HEED, AS UNTO A LIGHT THAT SHINETH IN A DARK PLACE, UNTIL THE DAY DAWN, AND THE DAY STAR ARISE IN YOUR HEARTS." —II PETER, I, 19.



# SCHOOLS.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children '—

In order to show that this work has been begun and is carried on by "*power from above*," and that we have not laboured in vain, nor spent our strength for naught, I refer to former published communications, which may serve as a history of the commencement and progress of this blessed work of "bringing *young* children to Jesus," and of teaching them the Sacred Scriptures according to II. Tim. III, 15. I quote the following from my father's letters:—

"Jan, 9, 1872. This winter we are not able to do much in outside work, but our hands are full with the schools. The Gracia school has so increased, that I am obliged to open our house for the first classes of boys and girls, as it is impossible to teach them in their now advanced state in one room. We believe God is working in the hearts of parents and children. We retain to dinner about 16 girls and 5 boys, who begin to be useful as monitors."

"Mr. and Mrs. L., after having laboured for several years in Spain, were obliged to leave for a time in May 1872 for England, on account of their health, and Mr. L. writes on June 6, 1872, from Leominster, the following deeply interesting letter, which more than anything proves the blessing of our schools in Spain:—"It is now a month since we left Barcelona, and 4 years since we left this the second time for Spain, and 10 years since I began to work directly for that land. In looking back, what cause for thankfulness have we for *personal mercies* and *deliverances* from the hands of our enemies! In contrasting our first visit with the second, what cause have we to praise our God, and still, as ever, not to be ashamed of His good news concerning His Son, whom He raised from the dead. Before, caution, restraint and the iron hand of persecution hindering us at every turn; now, what freedom to labour and what joy in the fruits! Before, it is true, we gathered a few ears; now, we seem to be bringing in sheaves, and these only the first-fruits of a rich harvest behind. 'We *shall* reap if we faint not.' Paul *planted*; Apollos *watered*; God *gave* the increase. What cause for praise, to remember the many thousand copies of the *Word* which we have been able to put into the hands which before handled only images of wood and stone; of those who before had ne-

ver beheld the image of the invisible God, as seen in His word of truth; who had only handled rosaries and crosses, relics and rags and bones of the dead, but who now love and cherish the Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation. What an exchange! And what cause for praise have we, that we have so many agencies in operation to do this blessed work!.... And then, how rejoiced I am that we have been able to begin a kind of training school for some of these elder boys and girls. This was absolutely needed, so as to give a finish to our school work. Many of these boys and girls were coming to such an age, that, if we could not retain them a little longer, some of them must fall back to Romish schools in order to complete their education: now we are able to do this, and with the hope that many of these young people will soon be able to become assistant teachers in our increasing schools. And now we can praise the Lord for the workers we have left behind—for their qualifications, their zeal and love. I feel that I can say, 'Lord now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

"Mr. L., who has laboured in Spain, not only since it has been open, for the preaching of the Gospel, but even before, writes on May 26, 1876, from Gracia, Barcelona:—"I cannot express to you my deep feelings over the state of this country's need, and the manifest openings for school work on every side. It seems as if the whole country was given to us, but alas so few seem fitted to pick up little children and bless them. Many seem to be ready to go to big and old sinners, but few willing to train little sinners in the way they should go; and I am sometimes inclined to measure the ultimate success of missionaries by their care of the lambs of the flock. I have had three persons unknown to each other, who have come from a near village, asking me to begin a school in their place—the one has been a member of the parliament—another, advocate-at-law—the other, son of a proprietor of land. At present I am unable to possess the land. From another place near this, I received several invitations from influential people to open a school. Just then an American missionary came, and I laid the matter before him. He went and has now, in but few weeks, 170 children in school. The public Catholic school is deserted. The sale of Scriptures goes on just now, somewhat like as in former days. A Colporteur has just returned from 23 days journey, and has sold Scriptures and small books and tracts to the value of £11. The accounts these men give of the interest people show in the Word is very touching."

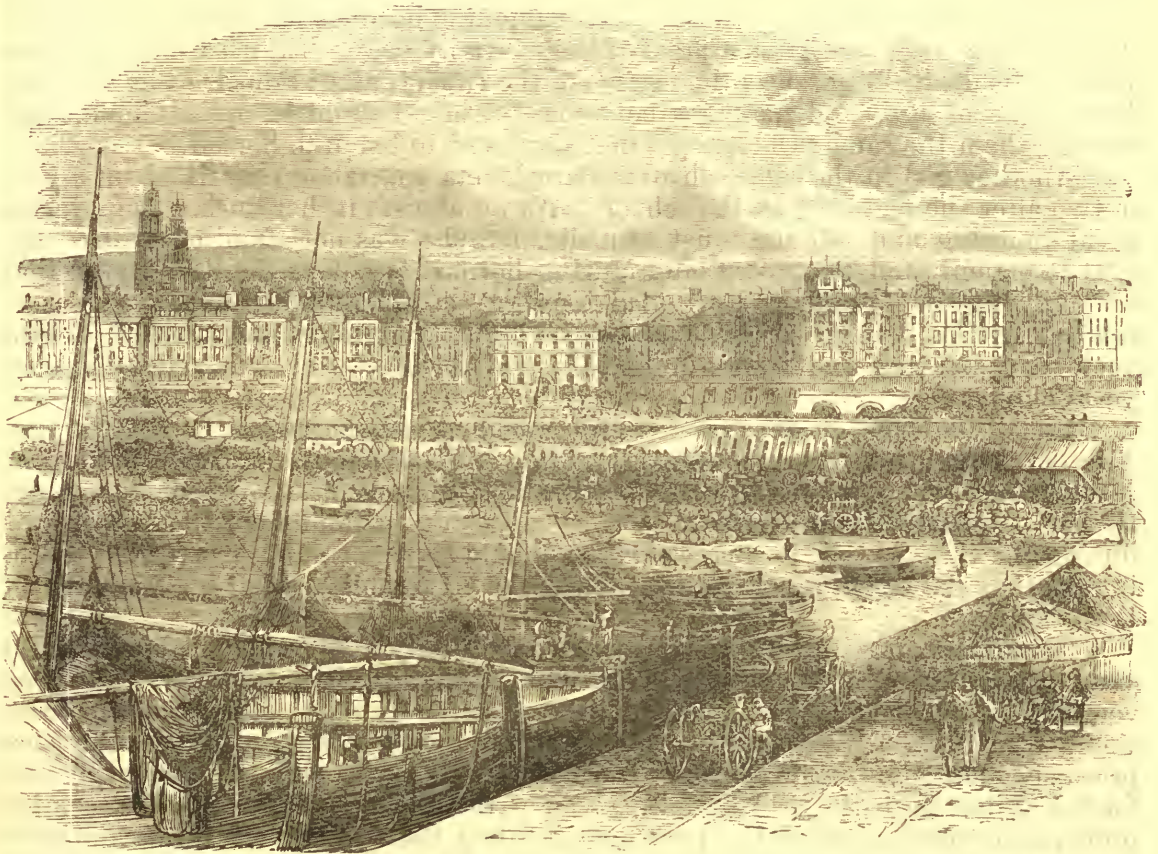
"August 1, 1876. Last evening we finished the school examinations. Each year we had much joy at these examinations, but truly this year has been the best of all. *All the teachers happy and each working harmoniously.*"

"November, 1876. We had over a thousand children and parents up the mountain, and gave them a treat after David's fashion, 'and he dealt to every one of Israel, both man and woman, to every one a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine,' with the addition of boiled chestnuts and figs. Six omnibuses brought up the 'wee ones' from their various schools, while the elder came on foot, accompanied by teachers and parents. It was truly a 'children's agapé.' The teachers told me, that it was impossible to control the joy of the little ones who came in the coaches, as all along the route they would sing some of their favourite hymns. As they were returning, and ready for the start, some of them said, 'Don George, shall we sing going along?' 'Sing! why not? If you do not, the very stones will cry out.'"

(*G. M.'s Brief Narratives of Facts.*)



The first pupil to enter the Barceloneta school was a little girl between six and seven years of age. She could not read or write, but was very quick at learning texts of Scripture, and went regularly to the Sunday school and Gospel meetings, listening with attention beyond her years to the truth as it is in Christ. Her mother, a very poor woman—and worse than a widow, for her husband had left her when the little girl was a baby—was glad to find a school where her child could be taught freely, and therefore made no objection to allow her to attend the preaching, though she would not go herself, but insisted that the little one should go with her on Sunday mornings to the early mass. Josefa—that is her name—had grown



Barcelona, seen from Barceloneta.

so much in love with the simple interesting accounts of Jesus, His work and His love, that the mass seemed to her very dry and dull; so she shocked her mother very much one day by saying, "Why do you go to mass, mother? and what good does it do you? I am sure you would like to hear our teacher much better than the mass, if you only came once."

"Hush! you naughty child," the mother said; "how dare a little mite like you speak of such things to your mother? What can *you* understand about the mass or the other meeting?"

For some time things went on as usual; the mother took Josefa to mass, though she generally had to drag her along, so unwilling was she to go, and in the afternoon the little one went as usual to the school and the meeting. But one morning



the mother was so busy that she quite forgot to go to mass. Josefa says she still remembers the state of mind her poor mother was in when she found that it was too late to go. "Oh dear," she kept saying, "what will become of me, Josefa? I have forgotten to attend mass; *what* shall I do?" In the evening Josefa said, "Mother, you might come to hear our teacher just for once, and if you do not like what he says, you need not go again. *Do* please come." The mother went, and the teacher quite unconscious of anything that had happened, took for his subject "the Mass." The mother was so convinced that what he said was true, that she never went to mass again, but from that evening assisted regularly to hear the Gospel.

Mother and daughter now love the Saviour who died for them, and in obedience to his command gave a proof of their love by being "baptised into the likeness of His death." Josefa is the teacher of the Gracia infant school. She is seventeen years of age, and manages between 70 or 80 children quite alone, and teaches them the same "Old Story" that she loved to listen to herself.

Another girl in the same school at Barceloneta was taken very ill (about a year or two after she had been in the school) with an abscess in her knee. She was in great suffering and felt she must soon die, but she was not afraid of death. She was so patient, and sang very often during her last few days the little hymn that so many Spanish children have died singing—"To heaven I am going." She told her friends that she trusted in Jesus as her only Saviour, and that she should very soon see Him and be free from pain and sorrow. She was about fourteen years old.

One of the boys in the same school also died very happily a few years ago. All who went to see him, witnessed how peaceful and happy he was, trusting in Jesus alone, and anxious that his mother and little sister should do the same. He had his mother to read to him at every opportunity from his little Bible, and during the time he was ill he insisted she should go to the Sunday evening preaching, so that she might repeat to him, when she came home, what his teacher had been saying.

One of the girls in the Gracia schools, when only a little thing about 9 or 10 years of age, shewed great intelligence and interest in the Scriptures, and was very intelligent in her questions and answers in the Sunday class. On one occasion a woman who lived near the school was dying, and instead of sending for a priest she sent some one to ask one or two of the children to sing their sweet hymns for her. Pilar, the little girl I am telling you of, ran directly with a few of her companions, and standing round the poor woman's bed they sang first the favourite—"To heaven I am going," and then another hymn which speaks of the uncertainty of life and the importance of turning early to God. Just as they finished the last verse the woman died. Pilar then said to the rest, "Now we will pray," and kneeling down she prayed with them before all in the room,—and in Spain everybody crowds in to see a person die. At the age of fourteen she confessed her faith in Christ openly, and was baptised. She died happily when about seventeen. One of her companions has also, I trust, given her heart to Christ. She is deformed, but like Pilar early shewed her interest in the Scriptures, and Mr. R. C. C., when here, said that her Testament might have passed as belonging to an old Christian: it was so much marked, underlined and read. She has now become a *diplomée* teacher in the schools. Another young girl who was in the same school at the same time, and who has for some years attended our night school, was baptised some Sundays ago. She gives a nice testimony of her own unworthiness and Christ's love. She has not been able to come much to the meetings, but



found peace through reading her Testament at home, especially the text—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There have been many interesting cases also in the same school among the boys. One, who is about 22, and was baptised two years ago, is now in Mr. Grattan Guinness' Training Institute. Another young man, a companion and school-mate of the former, has undertaken a school for boys we have lately opened up here. He preaches the Gospel very freely and clearly. His parents are both Christians, and I feel very hopeful for his younger sister who came with him to school nearly nine years ago, when quite a mite. She comes regularly to the night and Sunday classes.

One of the first pupil teachers in the Barceloneta boys school is now married and works for Christ. His wife's two sisters were trained for teachers in our school in Calle San Juan and are both converted. They have the charge of a good school in a village near this, and of their own accord gather children into their house on Sunday afternoons to teach them the Gospel.

A good many of the young girls in fellowship with us, are the fruits of the night school in Calle San Juan. One of them, Pepa Marti, came about seven years ago. She could neither read nor write and was quite ignorant of the way of Salvation. She was remarkably quick and soon learnt to read, and then the Bible was her constant study. She used to come to my class on Sunday afternoons and surprised every one by the number of Scripture she learnt from memory, though she had to work in a factory all the week. A few years ago she was converted, but could not be baptised because her parents would not allow it. She was much persecuted by her parents and her eldest sister. After a time her sister (who was intelligent, and passionately fond of reading,) began to read our books and the Bible, and to come to the afternoon preaching meeting, and was soon after converted. This was a great comfort to Pepa, and the two helped and encouraged each other, and at last about a year ago were baptised.

I translate a little from different letters I received from Pepa when I was in England two years ago. She says:--

"I now write you with much joy. My heart is full of gladness because the Lord has answered my prayer, and shewn me his power and great care over me in everything. Blessed be His name! *'I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.'* After five years of tribulations the happy day has come when I can, with my sister, give a public testimony of my faith by taking the Lord's Supper, and we can freely go to all the meetings. Our mother has given us permission to do so, not that she is at all changed, for she would rather hinder us, but it is the Lord's will, and she has to yield. He does everything in the right time, and we must not wish to have anything before He sees fit. *'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'* How happy are we when we know that the Lord is our Shepherd, and that we shall want for nothing, and happy indeed when His will is ours! There seems to be a great movement in this country. The brethren who go with the Bible Coach tell me they see a great difference in the places they have passed through. Many persons seek Jesus, and many more *wish* to seek him. The Lord is working wonderfully, and the Church in Spain increases... Hundreds of persons are out of work; the distress is great. But, in the midst of this misery and this perverse nation, there is a *little people*, small, but very happy, because they have sought *'first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,'* and all else will be added to them."

Another of my night scholars came to Calle San Juan Sunday school for about four years. She also very soon shewed a love for the Scriptures, and was converted. She had only been attending a very short time when her stepfather died. During his illness she watched by him, reading, talking and praying with him all the time, and before he died, though very weak and only partly conscious, he gave signs that he understood and liked what she was doing, and in his delirium called out, "Tell me about the True Way," and told her to read. She was baptised soon after, and has walked very consistently ever since. Her sister, who was with us as our servant in England, was also baptised, on the confession of her faith in Christ as the only Saviour, some months ago; and we have some hopes of the mother.

Agustina P., another of my scholars, died happily about sixteen months ago, aged fourteen. Pepa Martí, who nursed her to the end, says her happy smile told plainly that she had no fear of death. After we went to England I heard from the teacher that she was very troublesome and unruly. I wrote to her, not mentioning what I had heard about her conduct, and pressed her to come to the Saviour. After that I heard no more complaints, and Pepa M. says she believes she was converted some time before she died. I translate part of her answer to my letter. She says: "I have read your letter through over and over again, and your advice about giving my heart to the Lord Jesus gave me much joy. I feel so anxious to have you again with us in the night and Sunday school, for we miss you very much." She was looking forward before her illness to being baptised and received at the Lord's table with her friend Layeta.

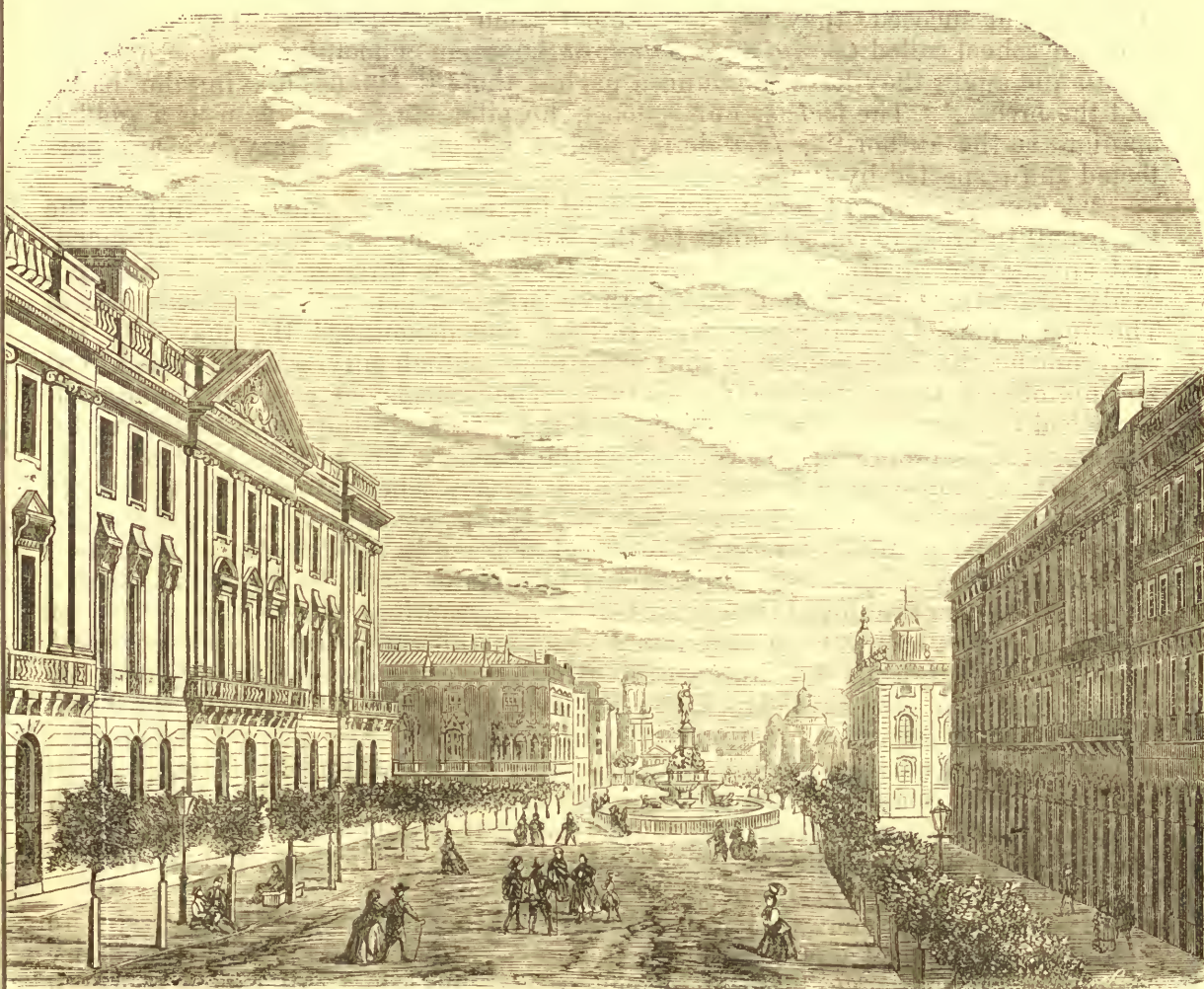
Layeta, also one of my scholars, is fifteen years old. She has suffered much from her father for Christ's sake. Some time ago, because she would not confess to a priest, her father beat her, kicked her and shut her out all night in the yard, with hardly any clothing on, till five o'clock in the morning, when she went shivering to her work in the factory. For some days she would have been nearly starved, if her companions had not managed to find some food for her. She was baptised some months ago, but has only been able to come to the Lord's table once, as her father seems determined she shall by no means come. She sometimes comes to the afternoon meeting.

We have a good Sunday school up here, about 30 girls and about the same number of boys. One Sunday a little girl, between nine or ten years of age, came in to the school for the first time. She was so much pleased with what my mother told her in the class, that she ran quickly home and fetched her mother to the Gospel meeting. The mother was interested and the child gave her no rest till they sent her to the day school. I believe now she has really learned to love the Saviour. She said one day, "I used to be so frightened at night when I thought about dying, but now I do not, because I know that I am naughty, but Jesus died for naughty people." Most of the children are remarkably attentive and like the *true* simple stories of Jesus' love better than the ridiculous never-ending fables about saints, and every sort of foolishness. Some of the things taught in Roman Catholic schools for "Sacred History" seem almost incredible, and in England would not be considered proper even for nursery tales. Last Sunday when I was teaching a class of tiny boys, and explaining to them how Jesus loved them, and wanted to have them with him in heaven, I said: "But you know your hearts are unclean, and before you can go to heaven they must be made very white; and the only thing that can make them so is the blood of Jesus." I heard a little voice near me say, "It cleanseth from *all* sin," and I looked round and saw the smiling face of a little ragged boy looking eagerly at me. I felt pleased to think that he understood



the text he had learnt on some former Sunday, well enough to apply it to what I had been saying. Another mite, when I spoke of God's care to them all, in giving them food, clothes, parents, etc., and the love of Jesus in being punished instead of them, folded his arms and looking into my face said with a surprised look, "Well, I never! and yet people are *so* afraid, oh *so* afraid of Our Lord!"

We have good day schools in this neighbourhood for boys and girls. There are about 35 girls, and 54 boys; many of them are very respectable children.



Palace Square, Barcelona.

There are three Italian, one French and one Irish girls. The teacher of the boys school has a good night class for young men, and in the warmer weather I have about 20 young girls every evening.

I copy the following recent account of these newly established schools, as published by my father:—

"Wherever we open a new school, the Roman Catholic party set up one in opposition as near as possible, sometimes next door. This has happened up here; all manner of measures, soft and hard, are employed to induce parents to take

away their children. This succeeds in a few instances, but, as a rule, the children return to us. Failing to 'exterminate the foreigners' by fair means, they try foul ones. Spanish boys and girls are dexterous in throwing stones, and we have had some sad experiences in broken heads and broken windows from this source. This goes on for a time, but a little tact picks out the ringleaders, and a visit from the *alcalde* generally puts a stop to these 'public demonstrations.' Great prudence and good teaching only keep our schools from returning the fire. It is a perfect miracle how our own children have escaped certain death from these well directed stones, especially as they sometimes come from slings. Finding this does not succeed, they try and detect some irregularities. The signboard over our school called *Colegio de la Salud*, or Salvation School, is a terrible eyesore. Again and again they have denounced us, but there it stands, braving the 'battle and the breeze.' The fact is, our schools, hospital, etc., have won us a golden opinion, so the authorities *here* do not molest us; on the contrary, we are protected and respected by them.

"A few weeks ago I received an official invitation to attend a meeting in the town-hall in order to collect funds for the starving poor. I, of course, attended, and among the 'distinguished company' there were three rectors! I shall not easily forget the consternation among these priests when my name was called. The next issues of Jesuit papers were furious, and denounced the mayor to the Governor for this infringement of the Constitution, which only allowed 'toleration' and not official recognition of Protestants. The schools were again denounced, and I had to reply to several questions. Was I director of the Protestant schools? I replied I was proprietor of two. Had the teacher of boys school a title? I told them, 'Yes, more than a master's title; he is B. A.' The mistress of girls school? 'A French lady *diplomée*.' I knew this was the point aimed at, because a government order prohibits foreigners to direct or teach in public schools, and, as a rule, this is very proper, as it is barbarous to suppose that a foreigner can teach a language he is not thoroughly acquainted with, excepting such a case as that of Madam Roger, who has been very many years in this country and is a certificated teacher. Although all the church canons have done their utmost to cast down the girls school, (and though Madam Roger had been previously dismissed by the director of an evangelical school in this city on the ground of her being a foreigner,) she continues her happy labours, and I am glad to find that other foreigners in various parts of Spain are unmolested in this useful work. There is one fact which the framers of this law overlooked—namely, that it would shut up almost every *church* school in the country, because they are directed and taught by *French* Sisters of Mercy and *les frères* of St. Vincent de Paul.

"We rejoice therefore that we continue to have the opportunity to 'train up a child in the way he should go.' Oh that it were possible to enter the many open doors from whence, scarcely a week passes, but some call comes to begin school work! These calls are so numerous that I have ceased to answer communications. I leave it to God to provide. Gladly do we say, 'Here am I; send me.'"

\* The agent of Messrs. M. and W.'s schools returned the same answer



# HOSPITAL.

“...A stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me.”

“‘Gifts of healing’ are among the gifts comprehended in the words, ‘until ye be endued with power from on high.’ That Blessed One still delights in our exercise of that gift. When on earth, He proved himself to be the Saviour or succourer of all men, ‘specially of those that believe.’ He ‘went about *doing good and healing*.’ He delights in our ‘doing good unto *all* men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.’ We would desire increase in gift and grace, for a *patient continuance* in well doing in this service. A little knowledge is not a dangerous thing, when it leaves room for the Almighty to use His own wise laws for the nourishment, preservation and restoration of the body. In our service for Spain, no doubt this desire to benefit the bodies of men has been honoured to that end, and in many instances to the salvation and restoration of the soul. In our first mission to Barcelona, (1863) I am sure that permanent good followed the employment of *hydropathy* in indicated sicknesses. I could note many cases of blessing among men, and my wife also among women, (1 Tim. v, 2) by the employment of such means, by which we gained favour among the people and an open ear for the Gospel.

“Only about five weeks ago I saw a stranger standing opposite our door. I spoke to him about some trivial matter, which began a conversation about eternal things. After a time he exclaimed, ‘Why, I have seen you before! Did you not once cure a poor crippled girl, who lived the other side of Gracia, and who had not walked or moved for years? And was there not an aged gentleman with you, (R. C. C.) who spoke to us in the shop, and you gave me a small Testament?’ I remembered it. ‘Well,’ he continued, ‘I have carried that book all over South America and I still have it, and also a family Bible given to me in Buenos Ayres.’ He now comes regularly to the preaching of the Gospel.

“The results which followed the establishment of a Cottage Hospital in the Calle San Juan in Gracia, (1874) cannot be told in time, eternity alone will tell the tale, but ‘the blessing of him that was ready to perish’ will follow those who had any fellowship in that work. A short time since, a young man whom we found nearly dead on a door-step opposite our house, about three years ago, and kept in

the hospital in Calle San Juan until he was strong enough to go to his work, came up with his wife to see us. He said that in our hospital he had learned to love the Bible, and to follow *God's* law; by which he meant, he had found *God's* way of salvation to be the right one—not *man's* way. He said that when he was married it was by the civil law, and not at the Romish Church.

"We lately had a very grateful letter from a young English sailor, who was in the hospital some time. Writing to Miss M. E. T., he says: 'I feel deep interest concerning the spot in which I passed so many pleasant, and I trust profitable hours.'

"Amongst many other interesting cases of conversion was that of an English sailor, who came into the hospital with two of his fingers hanging off, through an accident he had met with on board. He appeared to be a steady respectable man, but not a Christian. After a time, however, he began to see that he was a sinner, and became very anxious about his soul. He told us that at home he knew his wife was praying for him, and soon after he was able to write and tell her how happy he was, and what a Saviour he had found. The rest of the time he was in the hospital he gave sufficient proof that he was a changed man.

"Several Spaniards who died gave *very* happy testimonies of their faith in Christ to the last moment—often in the midst of great suffering; and yet, until they came into the hospital, most of them knew nothing of the true way, though they were disgusted with the priests, and had a yearning for peace and comfort, which they had before sought in vain.

"It is impossible to weigh the effect which such an institution has

upon a sick foreigner or Spaniard, when he knows that there is some refuge beside the Roman Catholic Hospital. No statement yet published exaggerates the cruelty, neglect, bad hygiene, bigotry and consequent mortality in this Barcelona hospital. But the blame does not lie with the Faculty. Many of the Medical Professors are men of scientific and moral worth. The evil lies in the religious intolerance, which manifests itself in the most outrageous cruelty against any dissenting inmate. Not long ago an eye-witness told me of a man who was found reading a Bible. The priest insisted on his giving it up and tore it from his hands, but the man grew furious, rushed out of bed and got his book again; in a few days afterwards he became delirious and died! A month or two ago I heard that one of our former scholars—an orphan upon whom I had bestowed



The Priests and The Book.



much labour and expense, and whom I had missed for 15 months—was in the hospital. He had been lying there nearly 12 months with an injured hip from a fall at sea. On his entrance to the hospital, the Scriptures and books he had received at school were taken from him, and on his refusing to confess and take the host, a white cross was put over his head as a sign of 'discipline,' and his food was reduced to half rations. Finding he was in their power, and believing, as he said, that as a wafer was only a wafer, he had better swallow it, he at last gave in. One day, when he was taken into the clinical ward, a student lent him a book. While he was intent in reading it, the prior came in, and taking up the book, saw something in it about the Inquisition. 'I wish there was an Inquisition in every street,' said the poor old bigot, and he was about to tear up the book when the young man cried out that it belonged to a medical student, with whom the priest did not care to meddle. This young man has now come out, but I fear a cripple for life. I could vouch for scores of such cases.

"How grateful therefore poor sufferers are when they can be received in such a place as our Cottage Hospital; and though our space is not so large as in former premises, yet the beautiful and unobstructed air, and other better hygienic accommodations, have been the means, in God's hand, of great good during the short time we have had it open. It is situated within ten minutes walk of the old building, in which a small room is still rented by some friends, for the *eventual* sickness of any of their own circle.

"The first patient in the present hospital—Torrente Flores—was a young woman who was one of our first scholars in the Calle Tuset, about 16 years ago. She died of consumption. Her relatives were the first to hear the Gospel, and at that time, and ever since, have shewn us no little kindness.

"A little time ago a young German was brought to us by four men on a bed. He had been lying 21 days in typhus fever, no doubt brought on by want and exposure. He was a prodigal son of respectable parents. I feared the disease had a fatal hold on him, but prayer was answered and he was restored, and is now in a good situation. I hope that the Word which he knows in the letter, has a place in his heart. He is most grateful for the kindness shewn to him, as are also his parents. So was a young German sailor whom we nursed through a dangerous sickness.

"An old gentleman, a former mayor in this place, came to us for help. He remained with us for a fortnight and was greatly benefited; but while under treatment was left a legacy sufficient to maintain him, so not needing further charity was taken home.

"We have just now a sick engineer, (an Englishman) but I trust he will soon be at his occupation again, with a softer heart than when he first entered. He wrote an affectionate and contrite letter to his parents, whom he had grieved by his wild ways.

"We have also an interesting young Swedish sailor, about 17 years of age. He was brought to us with supposed fracture of the femur bone from a fall on board. After a very careful examination by four surgeons, a happier diagnosis was arrived at, and he is now under treatment for contusion of the hip-joint. I was pleased to find him reading the 15th of Luke to two sick companions—Norwegians, but able to understand each other. We continue to have good opportunities to do good to out-door patients, particularly to children." *G. L.*

whom we had missed for a long time, came again to the meeting some months ago. On account of her bad eye-sight she has given up her business and gone to service in a very wealthy Catholic family. Her mistress is a very bigoted lady, and two daughters are being trained for nuns, and the sons, some as priests, and the others as doctors. On Sundays they all come home to spend the day, and this woman brings out her Testament, and the young people take her out into the garden, where she reads to them, and tells them Bible stories, which they much enjoy. Her master calls her "the shepherdess with her sheep." If the priests hear of this, she will, it is most likely, be dismissed, but she says that though it would be bad if she lost her place, still she can trust in God to provide for her. Her husband who died when Miss T. was here, was without doubt a Christian—converted, the widow says, through Miss T.'s instrumentality. The other day she bought several Testaments to send to some relatives in the country. She says her fellow-servants are also interested in the truth, and one of them asked her to buy him one of our books, which she did. I could tell of many more cases—indeed, I believe the greater part of those in fellowship are the result of the Gospel meeting.

The night meeting in the boys' schoolroom—a kind of Gospel *conferencia*, similar to those now held in France—gives encouragement. The other night all the seats were full, and the people are very orderly and attentive.

Another useful agent is the dissolving-view machine. We have a beautiful collection of scriptural pictures, scenes in the lives of different martyrs, noted reformers, etc., hymns and texts. As the Spaniards are so fond of pictures, they crowd in to see them. Many who would not come to a meeting, will come to see the pictures. Several in fellowship trace their first convictions to these exhibitions. In the summer we used to shew them from the house-top, so that they could be seen from the surrounding streets, (the house stands where four roads meet,) and the people would sit in rows on the pavement, and on as many seats as we could procure, and be as quiet as possible. At the last Barcelona fair my father was allowed to shew the dissolving views in the *Rambla*, which is the principal walk in the city. He did so for three successive nights, and the crowd was very great. Some said, "We have now seen what for years had been hidden from us."

The good done throughout Spain by the distribution of Gospels, of which such a liberal supply has been put for so many years at our disposal by that God-honoured institution, the Crystal Palace Bible-stand, cannot be calculated. These Gospels have been the pioneers of all the happy work, whether of the extensive sales of the entire Scripture, school work, or gospel meetings, etc., etc. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." "Thou hast magnified *Thy Word* above all Thy Name." We have always pressed upon Bible Societies and others, the value of *large-type* Scriptures and portions for Spain, and through the great liberality of the Crystal Palace Bible-stand we have been always able to place such Gospels in the people's hands, suited to their eye-sight. The tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of these precious little messengers, cast forth by broad-cast hand, must be pleasing to the Spirit who inspired them in this form of *single* books. "There was delivered unto Him the book (or *roll*) of the prophet Esaias." "Sitting in his chariot, he read Esaias the prophet." Mr. W. Hawke, the honoured instrument in carrying out the wonderful distribution of millions of these portions among the nations, will have his crown of rejoicing for his fellowship in this work in Spain. The first edition of Gospels circulated in Madrid to the number of 80,000 in the year 1869, supplied by Mr. Hawke, and these were the beginning



of the stirring scenes which have occurred in the distribution and sale from shops, tents, Bible-coaches, etc., etc. Besides the extraordinary numbers of Scriptures given away, we have sold from 1868 to March 1880, the following numbers:—

Bibles. . . . .	12,065
Testaments. . . . .	27,210
Portions. . . . .	165,384
<b>TOTAL. . . . .</b>	<b>204,659</b>

for which we have received the sum of £ 1998.13s. 11d. The *main* burden of the expenses occasioned by colportage from the Coach, etc., has been nobly borne by the National Bible Society of Scotland.

We are greatly indebted to the Religious Tract Society for a constant supply of tracts. On feast-days we lay out a table near our schoolroom door, with Bibles, Testaments and other books for sale, and plenty of gospels and tracts for distribution, and in many cases these are gladly received, and very few are torn up. Oftentimes, while thus engaged, we meet with old friends and scholars, whom we had almost forgotten, and their joy at seeing us again encourages us, and is a good recommendation to strangers who stand near. "Oh, I know those books!" one will exclaim; "they are very good, and I have the whole Bible at home." Others will look at them rather suspiciously, and perhaps feel inclined to destroy them, but, after reading a little, become interested and sometimes come for a Bible or Testament. My little brother with three of his sisters, a short time ago gave away in two days ten thousand gospels and tracts.

„Sow ye beside all waters,  
Where the dew of heaven may fall;  
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,  
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.  
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;  
One wore the thorns for thee;  
And, though the cold world scorn thee,  
Patient and hopeful be.  
Sow ye beside all waters,  
With a blessing and a prayer:  
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,  
And sow thou everywhere.

“Sow when the sunlight sheddeth  
Its warm and cheering ray;  
For the rain of heaven descendeth  
When the sunbeams pass away.  
Sow when the tempest lours,  
For calmer days will break;  
And the seed in darkness nourished,  
A goodly plant will make.  
Sow when the morning breaketh  
In beauty o'er the land,  
And, when the evening falleth,  
Withhold not thou thine hand.”

*Anna Shipton.*

A marvel of grace has been Garcia, the blind man—one of the first-fruits of tent work. He has continued during the last 12 years a living witness to the truth, reading the Scriptures aloud, from raised type, in the public walks and squares of Barcelona, and has been the means of selling tens of thousands of portions.

In drawing to a close this little sketch of the Aurora of truth in Spain, I would modestly refer to some matters which might have made the triumphs of the Gospel in this land greater than those it has yet accomplished. How much more good might have been done, how much sorrow saved, had prayerful attention been paid to the principles laid down in the excellent little article which I copy from *The Missionary Echo*, entitled—

### “PAUL’S ‘POINT OF HONOUR’ AS AN EVANGELIST.

ROM. xv, 20, 21.

“To the church of God at large, and specially to those who seek to be used of God in spreading the gospel, the study of that portion of the Word which relates to the life and service of the great apostle of the Gentiles is very important.

“It shews us what the grace of God could do in one ‘of like passions,’ subject to the same infirmities, as ourselves. Like ourselves also in this respect, that he had not companied with the Lord on earth, as did the other apostles.

“Yielding to that grace which wrought mightily in him, he so followed his Master that he stands out preëminently as an abiding proof what the Spirit of God can effect in man. And what strikes us most is not his gifts, marvellous as they were, but the *grace* of God that was in him, which led to such labours and such sufferings for Christ’s sake.

“We would now, however, only refer to one point aimed at in his apostolic labours, of which he speaks in Romans xv.: ‘So have I *made it a point of honour* [*philotimeomenon*, rendered ‘strived’] to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man’s foundation.’ The claim of those who had *never heard the name of Christ* seemed ever uppermost in the apostle’s mind; and for his sure guidance in this he had the word of God—‘*It is written.*’ Quoting from Isaiah, he directs his course according to the divine instruction—‘To whom He was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand.’ Divine rule, and not human impression, was his guide. He does not say he was ‘led’ here or there, but the written word was the lamp to his feet, and to follow it was his point of honour.

“Amidst the vast claims of our home spheres of service, there is perhaps a fear lest this *peculiar* claim should be forgotten by the church of God. All are not called to the work of ‘laying the foundation’ (1 Cor. iii. 10, 11); but all are called to have sympathy with the Lord in His expressed care for the poor needy ones who have never heard His blessed name.

“In reference to the two other subjects Paul uses the same word (*philotimeomai*) and shows that there are other points in which the honour of the Christian is called into exercise. Thus in 2 Cor. v. 9, the apostle says, “Wherefore we make it a point of honour [‘labour’], that whether present or absent, we may please Him well” [not ‘be accepted of Him,’ for such we ever are in Christ]. Again he exhorts the Thessalonians, ‘Make it a point of honour [‘study’] to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands.’ (1 Thess. iv. 11.)

“Very different may be our spheres of service, but each is equally acceptable to God if we seek to obey His word, and fulfil the mind of Christ.”





THE CRUSADES



THE GARDEN



## CONCLUSION.

The subject of the CRUSADES may, at first sight, seem a strange and out of the way termination to this book. But as a portion of our time and "energy" has been taken up in literary work, and particularly in providing a pure *historic* literature for the schools, this subject is not out of place in concluding this little work.

When the first schools were established here, one of the difficulties was to find suitable books of instruction. In a night school for adults, carried on as a sort of Mutual Improvement Society, the only reading-book was *Prayers to the Virgin*. When this school fell into our hands, one of the first books used to supply its place, was *A System for teaching adults to read in three months*, bound up with the gospel by John. Since then, this book has passed through six editions, of the last of which 28,000 copies were printed, and it has had, and continues to have, great acceptance and sale throughout the land. As the schools increased, the difficulty of providing true and wholesome literature had to be overcome. Rome that has falsified all *sacred* history, could do no less with the *profane*. This want led to the publication of *La Estrella de Gracia*, *La Aurara de Gracia*, and other valuable books, which now form standard reading-books in many of the evangelical schools and private families. No prize is more acceptable to boys and girls than the bound copies of the *Estrella de Gracia*, or Star of Grace.

How needful it is to have correct and pure ideas of historic subjects, may be seen by an extract from the *Golden Lamp*:—

"One special part of the calling of such teachers in all ages has been to encourage the madness and blood-thirstiness of men in cruel and needless wars. No prophets of Baal ever excelled St. Dominic (a *saint* of the Romish Church) in his hellish rage for the extermination of the Albigenses; or the fanatical priests who roused all Europe to the Crusades for the recovery of 'the Holy Sepulchre.' But fashions change; and if the fury of such rude zealots shook the delicacy of modern Agags, then there is ready the effectual agency of some hireling orator, like Bossuet, to add the sanction of his eloquent praise to the fame of the military heroes of the hour. Any who are curious in these matters may consult such productions as that mighty deceiver's funeral orations on Condé and Turenne, and then picture to themselves the worldly court of Louis XIV., sitting, bedizened and entranced, in some grand cathedral, called a place of worship, in all the pomp and pageantry of a great occasion, listening to descriptions of campaigns involving the slaughter of thousands, and excited to emulation by the skilful prostitution of Scripture to the adornment of deeds of iniquity and shame."

Like the *Golden Lamp*, we have shed a few Aurora rays upon the darkness of the past in our publications, which we trust may serve our young friends in Spain as beacons for the future; and should any of my young friends in England be curious to know anything about the Crusades and their historic and other valuable teachings, as suggested by the *Golden Lamp*, I could safely recommend to them Peter Parley's *Universal History*, Dr. Brewer's *History of France*, Cassell's *Popular Educator*, and *Pleasant Pages for young people*. From these authorities Miss T. and myself translated matter worth knowing by Spanish pupils.

There is one point about the Crusades which I think may be called a "Millennium Panic." When those satanic wars of extermination of the Turk began, and when Spain's rage was for building sumptuous cathedrals, and when religious orders were formed, the moving idea was a prophetic one—but a false interpretation—about the Millennium. The general idea was that the world was to come to an end about 1096; and so much did this idea prevail, that even charters began with these words: "*As the world is now drawing to a close....*" An army marching under Otho I., disbanded, at the time of an eclipse, in the belief that the darkness was the precursor of the day of judgment.

It was under this popular and universal excitement that the subtle church of Rome took advantage to gain its end—as the writer in the *Golden Lamp* remarks—"to prostitute the Word of God," corrupting every good and holy doctrine, as only such a guilty system knows how to effect. Witness for example the institution of the *Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon*, the rules of which society were drawn up by St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, author of the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden." "Constant attendance on prayer, self-mortification, complete self-surrender, fasting—these were the principles on which the rules were framed. The twentieth rule prescribed white dresses for the knights. 'To all the professed knights, both in winter and summer, we give, if they can be procured, white garments; that those who have cast behind them a dark life, may know that they are to commend themselves to their Creator by a pure and white life. For what is whiteness but perfect chastity, and chastity is the security of the soul, and the health of the body. And unless every knight shall continue chaste, he shall not come to perpetual rest, nor see God, as the Apostle Paul witnesseth: Follow after peace with all men, and chastity, without which no man shall see God.' Esquires and retainers were to be clothed in black cloth, or, failing that, of brown or some mean colour; 'it is granted to none to wear white habits, or to have white mantles, excepting the above-named knights of Christ.' Gold or silver was forbidden to be worn on the harness and trappings of the knights—simplicity and unrichness were to be the order of the brotherhood. All money and all gifts were to be in common. There was not to be any communication with the outer world except through the master, and sporting of all kinds was strictly forbidden. For the purposes of the brotherhood it was permitted the knights to possess lands and husbandmen, and the customary services ought to be specially

rendered unto you.' Rule 66 says, 'It is, moreover, exceedingly dangerous to join sisters with you in your holy profession, for the ancient enemy hath drawn (St. Bernard spake as a monk) many away from the right path to paradise through the society of women.' In the last clause of the rules this warning is repeated, with a prohibition:—'Lastly, we hold it dangerous to all religion to gaze too much on the countenance of women; and therefore no brother shall presume to kiss neither widow nor virgin, nor mother nor sister, nor aunt, nor any other woman. Let the knighthood of Christ shun feminine kisses, through which men have very often been drawn into danger, so that each, with a pure conscience and secure life, may be able to walk everlastingly in the sight of God.' (See *Popular Educator*, vol. 1.)

How solemn to think of the scenes depicted in our engraving, the result of the preaching of Peter the Hermit, which are thus described in *Pleasant Pages*:—

'The preparations for invading the Holy Land instantly began in every part of Europe. In every village was the smith at work, repairing or making armour for his lord; in every castle were mothers, wives, sisters, and other fair maidens embroidering banners to carry into the holy fields. The poor themselves, it is said, caught the desire so ardently that no one stopped to think of his small wealth, but set about selling his property at any price. In the meantime, those who had determined not to go themselves, were busy joking and laughing at those who were selling their goods at such a loss, and prophesying their misfortunes. "Such was their language to-day; but on the morrow, lo! the mockers were seized with the same enthusiasm as the rest; they abandoned all they had for a few crowns, and set out with the very persons they had laughed at. Astonishing and laughable things arose from this spirit:—the poor might be seen shoeing their oxen *as we shoe horses*, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts; on these they placed their stock of provisions and their young children, and proceeded onward, while the babes, at every town and castle they saw before them, demanded eagerly if that was Jerusalem...." These armies, consisting of horse and foot soldiers, numbering some hundreds of thousands, passed through many adventures, battles, encampments, sieges, famines, and plagues, until at last about 40,000 of them (which was not much more than one in twenty of those who set out) took Jerusalem by storm on the 15th July, 1099. But we read that, 'before the banner of the cross floated on the walls of Jerusalem, the bloodshed was terrific.' "Never," it is said, "was there so great a massacre of the Gentiles—the birthplace of the religion of *peace* was won amid the shrieks and the blasphemies of gashed and dying men; and when the *work of blood* was brought to an end, the *clamour of thanksgiving*, among the victors, was loud enough to have reached the stars!,"

But the year 1096 has passed away, and another Millennium is now nigh, but the Turk still holds the empty tomb of the risen Lord Jesus. Its stones still echoing, "He is not here., Israel's wails round the ruined walls of Jerusalem echo the same,—*"He is not here."* Another thousand years are near their close, and the "eagles., are gathering together to the same spot. Will the prayer be answered, "Let Ishmael live before thee?" This must be the final issue. We believe indeed in national *salvation*. The Aurora must give place to the Sun of Righteousness, who shall "arise with healing in his wings., Rev. xxi. 24, 26; xxii. 1-8. And we truly hasten on to welcome that glorious age, though we may be ignorant of dates, times or seasons, by giving diligence to the three points in Rev. i. 3: "Blessed is he that *READETH* and they that *HEAR* the words of this prophecy, and *KEEP* those things which are written therein;—for *the time is at hand!*,"

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus.,

"The time is at hand;," 't is our watch-word, our motto, "The time is at hand., when set free from temptation, As we travel along through the enemy's land. And earth with its cares left for ever behind, Through cares, tribulations or whatever may distress us, We shall know in its fulness the love of the Saviour, Let us ever remember—"The time is at hand., And in His blest presence our perfect rest find.

"The time is at hand;," 't is a happy reflection "The time is at hand., when our work will be over, That comfort and joy to our souls doth afford; The seed sown with tears will with glory be crowned; It brightens the path of our heavenward journey, When the conflict and strife of the desert all ended, It tells us that soon we shall be with our Lord. The songs of the harvest will loudly resound.

D. L.

## IN MEMORIAM.

CECILIO GARCIA

CEASED HIS LABOURS OF CIRCULATING AND READING THE WORD OF GOD, \*

TO-DAY, MARCH 28TH 1880, AGED 45.

Among his last words were:—"What are these that are arrayed in *white* robes? and whence came they...? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb., "One thing ~~of~~ know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.,

\* See page 63.





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# A ROMAN CATHOLIC FESTIVAL.

Mr. George Lawrence, 92, Torrente de las Flores, Gracia, Barcelona, writes, on April 29, to Mr. Hawke, of the Crystal Palace Bible-Stand:—

The Gospel tent has been spread on the very top of Montserrat, and in the eyes and teeth of the celebrated monastery and image of the more celebrated Virgin of Montserrat, and also within a few yards of the pillar upon which are engraved the words, "From this spot the Image refused to be moved in the year 880;" hence the "Millennium of the Virgin." It seems like a dream to me how it has come about that we should be allowed to display the banner of Gospel truth on this the strongest hold and citadel of Spanish superstition. Being desirous of visiting some towns and villages on the road, I set out with the Bible-coach some days previously. In many of these places we found precious fruit of former sales. I left Brother Pundsack to come on by train, and to interview a large landed proprietor who might have some spot where we might fix our tent without fear from Church and State powers. The thing was only mentioned to him when he said, "I have a piece of ground near the monastery, that is at your disposal." Accompanied by his steward he came up to mark off the ground. To our surprise, the monks had been clearing away a shrubby piece of land for their own purposes. This was immediately laid claim to by the steward, and pick and spade fixed the posts of our tent on the ground, and soon after the outsides were covered with saving texts, bearing the Fiscal's seal, and inside a table spread with copies of the Word. "The great men, the mighty men, the captains," etc., had all to pass within a few feet of it, and were obliged to read such texts as "One Mediator," "Justified by faith," etc. The bishops, the Nuncio of the Pope—all had to confront them. The rage of many it is impossible to describe. "Who had permitted this?" "Why were we allowed to remain?" "What blasphemy!" etc. But wise counsel had been given to the brother in charge to "answer not a word." And so there the banner waved during the three official days of the feast.

The next thing was, What was to be done with the Bible-coach? There was no room in the inn at Monistrol, the town at the foot of the ascent. The proprietor above mentioned again came to our help. He had a coachhouse and another little spot just at the foot of the carriage-road. Here, without hindering circulation, and seen by everybody, the coach was placed covered with texts. The rich and well-to-do, and anybody who could afford from 12s. to £2 for a seat in some conveyance, passed by, and among these our faithful helpers distributed copies of the Gospels and Romans. But it was in a well-selected defile in this marvellous mountain I had fixed my eye for gratuitous distribution. I knew well that our enemies expected we should do this work from the tent, and at any given moment they could have hurled us over into the abyss below where their idol stood. I therefore had the Gospels carried up to a spot from whence we could meet the down-comers, and where there was only room for one to pass. We stationed ourselves on the safe side of the pass, and as the thousands descended we gave to each a copy of the Gospel by John or Epistle to Romans. Here our work was easy. Not one in a hundred was torn up. Some were too tired to begin a question, and when inclined his next descending neighbour pushed him on. Others were tired, wet, and disappointed at the high charges they had to pay for refreshments at the Convent, and many such exclaimed, "Well, this is the only thing I got for nothing!" I met one poor man coming down with his box of rosaries, crosses, religious relics, etc., greatly cast down because the monks would not let him sell them, as they belonged to another virgin—the Virgin of Saragossa. I gave him a Gospel to read, and a franc to buy some food in the village.

At night, in the town of Monistrol, we were also able to give a blessed testimony to the truth in Jesus. The above-mentioned landowner possesses a large room, holding about 900 to 1000 people; this was also given me, without charge, to show the dissolving views, and we did so to an overflowing and most attentive audience. Our children came up by train to help, and their singing Gospel hymns, etc., was greatly appreciated by the audience.

We are proceeding with printing another edition of Romans and John. Praise the Lord for delivering mercy. It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.—*The Christian*.

9,000 Gospels and epistles to the Romans were distributed on the occasion of this popular festival.

*Copies of this book may be obtained gratis from the authoress, or by payment to any known friends of the work.*



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